Geo. Keats to his affectionate Brother John

William Turner,
24th Feb. 1843.

THE

Dramatic Works

Chas. Brooks.

OF

BEN JONSON,

AND

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER:

THE FIRST

Printed from the Text,

AND

WITH THE NOTES OF PETER WHALLEY;

THE LATTER,

From the Text, and with the Notes

OF

THE LATE GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

EMBELLISHED WITH PORTRAITS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

London:

PRINTED FOR JOHN STOCKDALE, PICCADILLY.

1811.

light being of some consequence to the poet's reputation, in a matter that has been objected to him, it is upon that account chiefly that this detail of his stage is entered into: naked as it was, and quite motionless; without scenes, or machinery, not so much as a trap-door for a ghost to rise out of; the spectator had nothing to aid him, or contribute to his deception; fancy pieced out all these defects, as well as it could; and its powers were called out upon,—to imagine the same unchangeable spot to be a hall, a chamber, a palace, a cottage, a ship, lawn, field of battle, &c. This call upon their auditors' fancy, to which the poets were driven by their stage's penuriousness, made them hardy to go a step farther, and bring things upon it that cannot be represented on any stage; not even upon the present, under all its improvements, or under any other that can be imagined; but they thought, and thought rightly,—that it was but a strain or two more, and the same active power in their audience that could make them see places and actions of which there was not even the shadow, could picture others out to them of greater difficulty; such as—Pompey's entertainment on shipboard, and the monument scenes in this act."

THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.

The first edition we meet with of this Tragedy was printed in 1619. The Commendatory Verses by Howard, Stanley, Herrick, and Waller, speak of Fletcher as the sole Author of it; those by Earle, ascribe it to Beaumont; but it is generally believed to be their joint production. It always met with great applause till the reign of Charles II. who forbid its representation. Mr. Waller then wrote a new fifth act, rendering the catastrophe fortunate, which is printed in a volume of that gentleman's poems; and with which Langbaine, and all the dramatic historiographers since, assert it was again brought on the stage, and received as much applause as ever. But this revival is much doubted; because Mr. Fenton, in his notes on Waller, says, he had been assured by his friend Southerne, that in the latter end of Charles II.'s reign, he had seen this play acted at the Theatre-Royal, as it was originally written by Fletcher; but never with Waller's alterations.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

KING.
LYSIPPUS, *brother to the King.*
AMINTOR, *a noble Gentleman.*
MELANTIUS, DIPHILUS, } *brothers to Evadne.*
CALIANAX, *an old humorous lord, and father to Aspatia.*
CLEON, STRATO, } *gentlemen.*
DIAGORAS, *a servant to Calianax.*

WOMEN.

EVADNE, *wife to Amintor.*
ASPATIA, *troth-plight wife to Amintor.*
ANTIPHILA, OLYMPIAS, } *waiting-gentlewomen to Aspatia.*
DULA, *a lady.*
NIGHT, CYNTHIA, NEPTUNE, ÆOLUS, } *masquers.*

SCENE, *Rhodes.*

ACT I.

Enter Cleon, Strato, Lysippus, and Diphilus.

Cleon. THE rest are making ready, Sir.

Lys. So let them; there's time enough.

Diph. You are the brother to the king, my lord; we'll take your word.

Lys. Strato, thou hast some skill in poetry, What think'st thou of the masque? [1] will it be well?

Strat. As well as masque can be.

Lys. As masque can be?

Strat. Yes; they must commend their king, and speak in praise of the assembly; bless the bride and bridegroom, in person of some god: They're ty'd to rules of flattery.

Cle. See, good my lord, who is return'd!

Enter Melantius.

Lys. Noble Melantius! the land, by me,
Welcomes thy virtues home to Rhodes.
Thou, that with blood abroad buy'st us our peace!
The breath of kings is like the breath of gods;
My brother wish'd thee here, and thou art here.
He will be too kind, and weary thee with
Often welcomes. But the time doth give thee
A welcome above his, or all the world's.

Mel. My lord, my thanks; but these scratch'd limbs of mine
Have spoke my love and truth unto my friends,
More than my tongue e'er could. My mind's the same
It ever was to you: Where I find worth,
I love the keeper till he let it go,
And then I follow it.

[1] *What think'st thou of a masque?*] It should be, *the* masque. It was not then to be formed; nor does the prince mean to ask, whether it will be well to have one; but whether this, which is prepared, will be a good one. This Strato's answer and the sequel of the play plainly shew. *Mr. Seward.*

Night. Oh, I could frown
To see the Day, the Day that flings his light
Upon my kingdom, and contemns old Night!
Let him go on and flame! I hope to see
Another wild-fire in his axletree; [queen.
And all fall drench'd. But I forgot, speak,
The day grows on; I must no more be seen.
Cinth. Heave up thy drowsy head again,
A greater light, a greater majesty, [and see
Between our sect and us![17] Whip up thy team!
The day-break's here, and yon sun-flaring beam
Shot from the South. Say which way wilt thou go?
Night. I'll vanish into mists.
Cinth. I into day. [*Exeunt.*

THE MASQUE ENDS.

King. Take lights there. Ladies, get the bride to bed. [tor;
We will not see you laid. Good-night, Amin-
We'll ease you of that tedious ceremony.
Were it my case, I should think time run slow.
If thou be'st noble, youth, get me a boy,
That may defend my kingdom from my foes.
Amin. All happiness to you.
King. Good-night, Melantius. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Evadne, Aspatia, Dula, and other ladies.

Dula. MADAM, shall we undress you for this fight?
The wars are naked, you must make to-night.
Evad. You are very merry, Dula.
Dula I should be merrier far, if 'twere
With me as 'tis with you.
Evad. How's that?
Dula. That I might go to bed with him
Wi' th' credit that you do.[18]
Evad. Why, how now, wench?
Dula. Come, ladies, will you help?
Evad. I am soon undone.
Dula. And as soon done:
Good store of clothes will trouble you at both.
Evad. Art thou drunk, Dula?
Dula. Why, here's none but we.
Evad. Thou think'st, belike, there is no modesty
When we are alone. [aright.
Dula. Ay, by my troth, you hit my thoughts
Evad. You prick me, lady.
Dula. 'Tis against my will.
Anon you must endure more, and lie still;
You're best to practise.
Evad. Sure this wench is mad. [had
Dula. No, faith, this is a trick that I have
Since I was fourteen.
Evad. 'Tis high time to leave it.
Dula. Nay, now I'll keep it, 'till the trick leave me.
A dozen wanton words, put in your head,
Will make you livelier in your husband's bed.
Evad. Nay, faith, then take it.
Dula. Take it, madam? where?
We all, I hope, will take it, that are here.
Evad. Nay, then, I'll give you o'er.
Dula. So will I make
The ablest man in Rhodes, or his heart ake.
Evad. Wilt take my place to-night?
Dula. I'll hold your cards 'gainst any two I know.
Evad. What wilt thou do? [know.
Dula. Madam, we'll do't, and make 'em leave play too.
Evad. Aspatia, take her part.
Dula. I will refuse it. [it.
She will pluck down aside; she does not use
Evad. Why, do.
Dula. You will find the play
Quickly, because your head lies well that way.
Evad. I thank thee, Dula. 'Would, thou could'st instil
Some of thy mirth into Aspatia! [dwell:
Nothing but sad thought in her breast do
Methinks, a mean betwixt you would do well.
Dula. She is in love: Hang me, if I were so,
But I could run my country. I love, too,
To do those things that people in love do.
Asp. It were a timeless smile should prove my cheek:
It were a fitter hour for me to laugh,
When at the altar the religious priest
Were pacifying the offended powers [been
With sacrifice, than now. This should have

[17] *Between our* sect *and us*;] This is nonsense. The Night and Cinthia both talk of the morning's approach, and that they must go down; till the latter finds out, that they are only the rays of light shot from the king and court, which they mistook for the day-break. Hence it's plain, it should be wrote—*Between our* set *and us*; *i. e.* our setting, or, going down. *Mr. Seward.*

We admit the justice of Mr. Seward's explanation of the sense of this passage; but do not see the necessity for any alteration. We have therefore followed the old copies; which only imply, by an extravagant compliment, that the brightness of the court transcends that of the Sun, and is more repugnant to Night and her attendants than even the splendor of the Day.

[18] Mr. Theobald apprehends (we think with reason) that these and Dula's two preceding lines form a stanza of some old known ballad.

My night; and all your hands have been employ'd
In giving me a spotless offering
To young Amintor's bed, as we are now
For you. Pardon, Evadne; 'would, my worth
Were great as yours, or that the king, or he,
Or both thought so! Perhaps, he found me worthless:
But, till he did so, in these ears of mine,
These credulous ears, he pour'd the sweetest words
That art or love could frame. If he were false,
Pardon it, Heaven! and if I did want
Virtue, you safely may forgive that too;
For I have lost that I had from you.

Evad. Nay, leave this sad talk, madam.

Asp. 'Would, I could! then should I leave the cause. [mirth.

Evad. See, if you have not spoil'd all Dula's

Asp. Thou think'st thy heart hard; but if thou be'st caught,
Remember me; thou shalt perceive a fire
Shot suddenly into thee.

Dula. That not so good; let 'em shoot any thing but fire, I fear 'em not.

Asp. Well, wench, thou may'st be taken.

Evad. Ladies, good-night: I'll do the rest myself.

Dula. Nay, let your lord do some.

Asp. Lay a garland on my hearse,
Of the dismal yew.

Evad. That's one of your sad songs, madam.

Asp. Believe me, 'tis a very pretty one.

Evad. How is it, madam?

SONG.

Asp. Lay a garland on my hearse,
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear;
Say, I died true:
My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

Evad. Fie on't, madam! the words are so strange, they are able to make one dream of hobgoblins. 'I could never have the pow'r:' Sing that, Dula.

Dula. I could never have the pow'r
To love one above an hour, [eye
But my heart would prompt mine
On some other man to fly:
Venus, fix thou mine eyes fast,
Or if not, give me all that I shall see at last.

Evad. So, leave me now.

Dula. Nay, we must see you laid.

Asp. Madam; good-night. May all the marriage-joys
That longing maids imagine in their beds,
Prove so unto you. May no discontent [do,
Grow 'twixt your love and you! But, if there
Enquire of me, and I will guide your moan;
Teach you an artificial way to grieve,
To keep your sorrow waking. Love your lord
No worse than I; but if you love so well,
Alas! you may displease him; so did I.
This is the last time you shall look on me.
Ladies, farewell. As soon as I am dead,
Come all, and watch one night about my hearse;
Bring each a mournful story, and a tear,
To offer at it when I go to earth.
With flatt'ring ivy clasp my coffin round;
Write on my brow my fortune; let my bier
Be borne by virgins that shall sing, by course,
The truth of maids, and perjuries of men.

Evad. Alas, I pity thee. [*Exit. Evad.*

Omnes. Madam, good-night.

1 *Lady.* Come, we'll let in the bridegroom.

Dula. Where's my lord?

Enter Amintor.

1 *Lady.* Here, take this light.

Dula. You'll find her in the dark.

1 *Lady.* Your lady's scarce a-bed yet; you must help her.

Asp. Go, and be happy in your lady's love.
May all the wrongs that you have done to me,
Be utterly forgotten in my death!
I'll trouble you no more; yet I will take
A parting kiss, and will not be deny'd.
You'll come, my lord, and see the virgins weep
When I am laid in earth, though you yourself
Can know no pity. Thus I wind myself
Into this willow garland, and am prouder
That I was once your love, though now refus'd,
Than to have had another true to me.
So with my prayers I leave you, and must try
Some yet unpractis'd way to grieve and die.
[*Exit.*

Dula. Come, ladies, will you go?

Omnes. Good-night, my lord.

Amin. Much happiness unto you all!
[*Exeunt ladies.*
I did that lady wrong: Methinks, I feel
Her grief shoot suddenly through all my veins.
Mine eyes run: This is strange at such a time.
It was the king first mov'd me to't; but he
Has not my will in keeping. Why do I
Perplex myself thus? Something whispers me,
'Go not to bed.' My guilt is not so great
As my own conscience, too sensible [mise,
Would make me think: I only break a pro-
And 'twas the king that forc'd me. Tim'rous flesh,
Why shak'st thou so? Away, my idle fears!

Enter Evadne.

Yonder she is, the lustre of whose eye
Can blot away the sad remembrance
Of all these things. Oh, my Evadne, spare
That tender body; let it not take cold.
The vapours of the night will not fall here:
To bed, my love. Hymen will punish us
For being slack performers of his rites.
Cam'st thou to call me?

Evad. No.

Amin. Come, come, my love,

And let us loose ourselves to one another.
Why art thou up so long?
Evad. I am not well.
Amin. To bed then; let me wind thee in these arms,
'Till I have banish'd sickness.
Evad. Good my lord,
I cannot sleep.
Amin. Evadne, we will watch;
I mean no sleeping.
Evad. I'll not go to bed.
Amin. I prithee, do.
Evad. I will not for the world.
Amin. Why, my dear love?
Evad. Why? I have sworn I will not.
Amin. Sworn!
Evad. Ay.
Amin. How! sworn, Evadne?
Evad. Yes, sworn, Amintor; [me.
And will swear again, if you will wish to hear
Amin. To whom have you sworn this?
Evad. If I should name him, the matter were not great. [bride.
Amin. Come, this is but the coyness of a
Evad. The coyness of a bride? [thee.
Amin. How prettily that frown becomes
Evad. Do you like it so? [a look,
Amin. Thou canst not dress thy face in such
But I shall like it.
Evad. What look likes you best?
Amin. Why do you ask?
Evad. That I may shew you one less pleasing to you.
Amin. How's that?
Evad. That I may shew you one less pleasing to you.
Amin. I prithee, put thy jests in milder
It shews as thou wert angry. [looks.
Evad. So, perhaps,
I am indeed.
Amin. Why, who has done thee wrong?
Name me the man, and by thyself I swear,
Thy yet-unconquer'd self, I will revenge thee.
Evad. Now I shall try thy truth. If thou dost love me, [me:
Thou weigh'st not any thing compar'd with
Life, honour, joys eternal, all delights
This world can yield, or hopeful people feign,
Or in the life to come, are light as air
To a true lover when his lady frowns,
And bids him *do this*. Wilt thou kill this man?
Swear, my Amintor, and I'll kiss the sin
Off from thy lips.
Amin. I will not swear, sweet love,
Till I do know the cause.
Evad. I would, thou would'st.
Why, it is thou that wrong'st me; I hate thee;
Thou should'st have kill'd thyself.
Amin. If I should know that, I should quickly kill
The man you hated.
Evad. Know it then, and do't.
Amin. Oh, no; what look soe'er thou shalt put on
To try my faith, I shall not think thee false:
I cannot find one blemish in thy face, [bed.
Where falshood should abide. Leave, and to
If you have sworn to any of the virgins,
That were your old companions, to preserve
Your maidenhead a night, it may be done
Without this means.
Evad. A maidenhead, Amintor,
At my years? [19]
Amin. Sure, she raves. This cannot be
Thy natural temper. Shall I call thy maids?
Either thy healthful sleep hath left thee long,
Or else some fever rages in thy blood. [mad,
Evad. Neither, Amintor: Think you I am
Because I speak the truth?
Amin. Will you not lie with me to-night?
Evad. To-night! you talk as if I would hereafter.
Amin. Hereafter! yes, I do.
Evad. You are deceiv'd.
Put off amazement, and with patience mark
What I shall utter; for the oracle

[19] ——*A maidenhead, Amintor,*
At my years?] Mr. Rhymer, (in his *Tragedies* of the last age *consider'd* and *examin'd* by the practice of the *ancients)* not without justice exclaims against the effrontery and impudence of Evadne's character. But as the colouring of his critical reflections is generally so gross and glaring, I shall refer those readers, who have curiosity enough, to his book, without quoting from him on this subject. *Mr. Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald allows the justice of Mr. Rhymer's exclamation at the effrontery and impudence of Evadne's character; as if the poets were not as sensible of it as Mr. Rhymer, and had not sufficiently punished her for it. The anger of these gentlemen at the *character*, is the very passion designed to be raised by it; but they mistook the *object* of their anger, and were as much in the wrong as an audience would be, who were violently angry with a good player for representing Macbeth, Iago, or Richard, as such consummate villains. The questions which a critic should ask are, *whether the character is natural?* and *whether proper for the stage or not?* As to the first; Nature, we fear, gives but too many sad examples of such effrontery in women, who, when abandoned to their vices, are observed to be sometimes more reprobate in them than the worst of men. Beside this, there is a remarkable beauty in the effrontery and haughtiness of Evadne's character; she has a *family likeness* to her *brother*; she is a *female* Melantius depraved by vicious love. And if there are any of her expressions which seem now too gross for the stage, it is sufficient to say, they were far from being thought gross in the age they were wrote. *Mr. Seward.*

Much in support of this observation may be seen in Mr. Seward's preface.

Knows nothing truer: 'tis not for a night,
Or two, that I forbear thy bed, but for ever.
Amin. I dream! Awake, Amintor!
Evad. You hear right.
I sooner will find out the beds of snakes,
And with my youthful blood warm their cold flesh,
Letting them curl themselves about my limbs,
Than sleep one night with thee. This is not feign'd,
Nor sounds it like the coyness of a bride.
Amin. Is flesh so earthly to endure all this?
Are these the joys of marriage? Hymen, keep
This story (that will make succeeding youth
Neglect thy ceremonies) from all ears;
Let it not rise up, for thy shame and mine,
To after-ages: We will scorn thy laws,
If thou no better bless them. Touch the heart
Of her that thou hath sent me, or the world
Shall know: There's not an altar that will smoke
In praise of thee; we will adopt us sons;
Then virtue shall inherit, and not blood.
If we do lust, we'll take the next we meet,
Serving ourselves as other creatures do;
And never take note of the female more,
Nor of her issue. I do rage in vain;
She can but jest. O, pardon me, my love!
So dear the thoughts are that I hold of thee,
That I must break forth. Satisfy my fear;
It is a pain, beyond the hand of death,
To be in doubt: Confirm it with an oath,
If this be true.
Evad. Do you invent the form:
Let there be in it all the binding words
Devils and conjurers can put together,
And I will take it. I have sworn before,
And here, by all things holy, do again,
Never to be acquainted with thy bed.
Is your doubt over now?
Amin. I know too much. 'Would I had doubted still!
Was ever such a marriage-night as this!
Ye pow'rs above, if you did ever mean [way
Man should be us'd thus, you have thought a
How he may bear himself, and save his ho- [nour.
Instruct me in it; for to my dull eyes
There is no mean, no moderate course to run:
I must live scorn'd, or be a murderer.
Is there a third? Why is this night so calm?[20]
Why does not Heaven speak in thunder to us,
And drown her voice?
Evad. This rage will do no good.
Amin. Evadne, hear me: Thou hast ta'en an oath,
But such a rash one, that, to keep it, were
Worse than to swear it: Call it back to thee;
Such vows as those never ascend the Heav'n;
A tear or two will wash it quite away.
Have mercy on my youth, my hopeful youth,
If thou be pitiful; for, without boast,
This land was proud of me. What lady was thefe,
That men call'd fair and virtuous in this isle,
That would have shun'd my love? It is in thee
To make me hold this worth. Oh! we vain [men,
That trust out all our reputation,
To rest upon the weak and yielding hand
Of feeble woman! But thou art not stone;
Thy flesh is soft, and in thine eyes doth dwell
The spirit of love; thy heart cannot be hard.
Come, lead me from the bottom of despair,
To know all the joys thou hast; I know, thou wilt;
And make me careful, lest the sudden change
O'ercome my spirits.
Evad. When I call back this oath,
The pains of hell environ me. [to bed!
Amin. I sleep, and am too temp'rate! Come
Or by those hairs, which, if thou hadst a soul
Like to thy locks, were threads for kings to [wear
About their arms——
Evad. Why, so, perhaps, they are.
Amin. I'll drag thee to my bed, and make thy tongue
Undo this wicked oath, or on thy flesh
I'll print a thousand wounds to let out life!
Evad. I fear thee not. Do what thou dar'st to me!
Ev'ry ill-sounding word, or threat'ning look,
Thou shew'st to me, will be reveng'd at full.
Amin. It will not sure, Evadne?
Evad. Do not you hazard that.
Amin. Have you your champions? [bear
Evad. Alas, Amintor, think'st thou I for-
To sleep with thee, because I have put on
A maiden's strictness? Look upon these cheeks,
And thou shalt find the hot and rising blood
Unapt for such a vow. No; in this heart
There dwells as much desire, and as much will
To put that wish'd act in practice, as ever yet
Was known to woman; and they have been shewn;
Both. But it was the folly of thy youth
To think this beauty, to what land soe'er
It shall be call'd, shall stoop to any second.
I do enjoy the best, and in that height
Have sworn to stand or die: You guess the man.
Amin. No; let me know the man that wrongs me so,
That I may cut his body into motes,
And scatter it before the northern wind.
Evad You dare not strike him.

[20] ——*Why is this night so calm?*
Why does not Heaven speak in thunder to us?] The Poets seem manifestly to have had in their eye this passage of Seneca, in his Hippolytus.

——*Magne regnator Deûm,*
Tam lentus audis scelera? tàm lentus vides?
Ecquando sævâ fulmen emittes *manu,*
Si nunc serenum est? *Mr. Theobald.*

Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now,[28]
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
Wild as that desart; and let all about me
Tell that I am forsaken.[29] Do my face
(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)
Thus, thus, Antiphila: Strive to make me look
Like Sorrow's monument! And the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks
Groan with continual surges; and, behind me,
Make all a desolation. Look, look, wenches!
A miserable life of this poor picture!

Olym. Dear madam!

Asp. I have done. Sit down; and let us
Upon that point fix all our eyes; that point there.
Make a dull silence, till you feel a sudden sadness
Give us new souls.

Enter Calianax.

Cal. The king may do this, and he may not do it:
My child is wrong'd, disgrac'd. Well, how now, huswives!
What, at your ease? Is this a time to sit still?
Up, you young lazy whores, up, or I'll swinge you!

Olym. Nay, good my lord.

Cal. You'll lie down shortly. Get you in, and work!
What, are you grown so resty you want heats?[30]
We shall have some of the court-boys heat you shortly.

Ant. My lord, we do no more than we are charged.
It is the lady's pleasure we be thus in grief:
She is forsaken.

Cal. There's a rogue too;
A young dissembling slave! Well, get you in!
I'll have a bout with that boy. 'Tis high time
Now to be valiant: I confess my youth
Was never prone that way. What, made an ass?
A court-stale? Well, I will be valiant,
And beat some dozen of these whelps; I will!
And there's another of 'em, a trim cheating soldier;
I'll maul that rascal; h'as out-brav'd me twice:
But now, I thank the gods, I am valiant.
Go, get you in! I'll take a course with all.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Cleon, Strato, and Diphilus.

Cle. YOUR sister is not up yet.

Diph. Oh, brides must take their morning's rest; the night is troublesome.

Stra. But not tedious.

Diph. What odds, he has not my sister's maidenhead to-night?

Stra. No; it's odds, against any bridegroom living, he ne'er gets it while he lives.

Diph. You're merry with my sister; you'll please to allow me the same freedom with your mother.

Stra. She's at your service.

Diph. Then, she's merry enough of herself; she needs no tickling. Knock at the door.

Stra. We shall interrupt them.

Diph. No matter; they have the year before them. Good-morrow, sister! Spare yourself to-day; the night will come again.

Enter Amintor.

Amin. Who's there? my brother! I'm no readier yet. Your sister is but now up.

tricated him from the labyrinth to which he was confined; and embark'd with him on his return to Athens: But he ungenerously gave her the drop on the shore of the island Naxos. Aspatia says, her case is in every particular similar, except as to the wild island.

Mr. Theobald.

[28] *Suppose, I stand.*] This is one of those passages, where the poets, rapt into a glorious enthusiasm, soar on the rapid wings of fancy. Enthusiasm I would call the very essence of poetry, since, without it, neither the happy conduct of the fable, the justness of characters or sentiments, nor the utmost harmony of metre, can altogether form the poet. It is the frequency of such noble flights as these, and their amazing rapidity, that sets the immortal Shakespeare above all other dramatic poets; and suffers none of our own nation in any degree to approach him, but Beaumont and Fletcher. *Mr. Seward.*

[29] *And let all about me*

Be teares *of my story.*] Thus reads the oldest copies; from which Mr. Theobald alters the passage to '*be* teachers *of my story.*' The second edition, printed in Fletcher's time, and every other till Mr. Theobald's, exhibit the reading we have adopted.

Mr. Theobald's reading, however, coming so near that of the oldest copy, and resembling the manner of our Authors, is extremely plausible.

[30] *What, are you grown so resty, &c.*] The old man, in this allusion, compares these young wenches to lazy, *resty* mares, that want to be rid so many *heats.* *Mr. Theobald.*

Diph. You look as you had lost your eyes to-night:
I think you have not slept.
Amin. I'faith I have not.
Diph. You have done better, then.
Amin. We ventur'd for a boy: When he is twelve,
He shall command against the foes of Rhodes.
Shall we be merry?
Strat. You cannot; you want sleep.
Amin. 'Tis true.—But she,
As if she had drank Lethe, or had made
Even with Heav'n, did fetch so still a sleep,
So sweet and sound—— [*Aside.*
Diph. What's that?
Amin. Your sister frets [me,
This morning; and does turn her eyes upon
As people on their headsman. She does chafe,
And kiss, and chafe again, and clap my cheeks:
She's in another world.
Diph. Then I had lost: I was about to lay
You had not got her maidenhead to-night.
Amin. Ha! he does not mock me?—You had lost, indeed;
I do not use to bungle.
Cleo. You deserve her. [breath,
Amin. I laid my lips to hers, and that wild
That was so rude and rough to me last night,
Was sweet as April. I'll be guilty too,
If these be the effects. [*Aside.*

Enter Melantius.

Mel. Good-day, Amintor! for, to me, the name
Of brother is too distant: We are friends,
And that is nearer.
Amin. Dear Melantius!
Let me behold thee. Is it possible?
Mel. What sudden gaze is this?
Amin. 'Tis wond'rous strange! [view
Mel. Why does thine eyes desire so strict a
Of that it knows so well? There's nothing here
That is not thine.
Amin. I wonder much, Melantius,
To see those noble looks, that make me think
How virtuous thou art: And, on the sudden,
'Tis strange to me thou shouldst have worth and honour;
Or not be base, and false, and treacherous,
And every ill. But——
Mel. Stay, stay, my friend;
I fear this sound will not become our loves.
No more; embrace me.
Amin. Oh, mistake me not:
I know thee to be full of all those deeds
That we frail men call good; but, by the course
Of nature, thou shouldst be as quickly chang'd
As are the winds; dissembling as the sea,
That now wears brows as smooth as virgins' be,
Tempting the merchant to invade his face,
And in an hour calls his billows up,
And shoots 'em at the sun, destroying all
He carries on him,—Oh, how near am I
To utter my sick thoughts! [*Aside.*
Mel. But why, my friend, should I be so by nature? [tuous thoughts
Amin. I've wed thy sister, who hath virEnough for one whole family; and it is strange
That you should feel no want. [ning for me.
Mel. Believe me, this compliment's too cun-
Diph. What should I be then, by the course of nature,
They having both robb'd me of so much virtue?
Stra. Oh, call the bride, my lord Amintor,
That we may see her blush, and turn her eyes
'Tis the prettiest sport! [down;
Amin. Evadne!
Evad. [*within.*] My lord!
Amin. Come forth, my love!
Your brothers do attend to wish you joy.
Evad. I am not ready yet.
Amin. Enough, enough.
Evad. They'll mock me.
Amin. Faith, thou shalt come in.

Enter Evadne.

Mel. Good-morrow, sister! He that understands [joy;
Whom you have wed, need not to wish you
You have enough: Take heed you be not proud.
Diph. Oh, sister, what have you done?
Evad. I done! why, what have I done?
Stra. My lord Amintor swears you are no maid now.
Evad. Pish! [maid now.
Stra. I'faith, he does.
Evad. I knew I should be mock'd.
Diph. With a truth.
Evad. If 'twere to do again, in faith, I would not marry.
Amin. Nor I, by Heav'n. [*Aside.*
Diph. Sister, Dula swears she heard you cry two rooms off.
Evad. Fie, how you talk!
Diph. Let's see you walk, Evadne. By my troth, you're spoil'd.[31]
Mel. Amintor!
Amin. Ha?
Mel. Thou art sad.
Amin. Who, I? I thank you for that. Shall Diphilus, thou, and I, sing a catch?
Mel. How!
Amin. Prithee, let's.
Mel. Nay, that's too much the other way.
Amin. I am so light'ned with my happiness!
How dost thou, love? kiss me. [me.
Evad. I cannot love you, you tell tales of
Amin. Nothing but what become us. Gentlemen, [world,
Would you had all such wives, and all the

[31] Diph. *Let's see you walk.*
Evad *By my troth, you're spoil'd.*] This is the reading of all the editions, even Mr. Theobald's. As it is impossible the words thus given to Evadne should be spoken by her, we have varied from the copies, by given them to her brother.

That on thy branded flesh the world may read
Thy black shame, and my justice. Wilt thou
Evad. Yes. [bend yet?
Mel. Up, and begin your story.
Evad. Oh, I am miserable!
Mel. 'Tis true, thou art. Speak truth still.
Evad. I have offended:
Noble Sir, forgive me.
Mel. With what secure slave?
Evad. Do not ask me, Sir.
Mine own remembrance is a misery
Too mighty for me.
Mel. Do not fall back again:
My sword's unsheathed yet.
Evad. What shall I do?
Mel. Be true, and make your fault less.
Evad. I dare not tell.
Mel. Tell, or I'll be this day a-killing thee.
Evad. Will you forgive me then?
Mel. Stay; I must ask [nature
Mine honour first.—I've too much foolish
In me: Speak.
Evad. Is there none else here? [too many.
Mel. None but a fearful conscience; that's
Who is't?
Evad. Oh, hear me gently. It was the king.
Mel. No more. My worthy father's and my services
Are lib'rally rewarded. King, I thank thee!
For all my dangers and my wounds, thou hast paid me
In my own metal: These are soldiers' thanks!
How long have you liv'd thus, Evadne?
Evad. Too long.
Mel. Too late you find it. Can you be sorry?
Evad. 'Would I were half as blameless.
Mel. Evadne, thou wilt to thy trade again!
Evad. First to my grave.
Mel. 'Would gods th' hadst been so blest.
Dost thou not hate this king now? prithee hate him. [thee, curse him.
Couldst thou not curse him? I command
Curse till the gods hear, and deliver him
To thy just wishes! Yet, I fear, Evadne,
You had rather play your game out.
Evad. No; I feel
Too many sad confusions here, to let in
Any loose flame hereafter. [one brave anger
Mel. Dost thou not feel, 'mong all those,
That breaks out nobly, and directs thine arm
To kill this base king?
Evad. All the gods forbid it!
Mel. No; all the gods require it, they are dishonour'd in him.
Evad. 'Tis too fearful. [enough
Mel. You're valiant in his bed, and bold
To be a stale whore, and have your madam's name
Discourse for grooms and pages; and, hereafter,
When his cool majesty hath laid you by,
To be at pension with some needy Sir,
For meat and coarser cloaths: Thus far you
Come, you shall kill him. [know no fear.
Evad. Good Sir! [smother him.
Mel. An 'twere to kiss him dead, thoud'st
Be wise, and kill him. Canst thou live, and know
What noble minds shall make thee, see thyself
Found out with ev'ry finger, made the shame
Of all successions, and in this great ruin
Thy brother and thy noble husband broken?
Thou shalt not live thus. Kneel, and swear to help me,
When I shall call thee to it; or by all
Holy in Heav'n and earth, thou shalt not live
To breathe a full hour longer; not a thought!
Come, 'tis a righteous oath. Give me thy hands,[44] [wealth
And, both to Heav'n held up, swear, by that
This lustful thief stole from thee, when I say it,
To let his foul soul out.
Evad. Here I swear it;
And, all you spirits of abused ladies,
Help me in this performance!
Mel. Enough. This must be known to none
But you and I, Evadne: not to your lord,
Though he be wise and noble, and a fellow
Dares step as far into a worthy action
As the most daring; ay, as far as justice.
Ask me not why. Farewel. [*Exit Mel.*
Evad. 'Would I could say so to my black disgrace! [friended,
Oh, where have I been all this time? how
That I should lose myself thus desp'rately,
And none for pity shew me how I wand'red?
There is not in the compass of the light
A more unhappy creature: Sure, I am monstrous! [chiefs,
For I have done those follies, those mad mis-
Would dare a woman.[45] Oh, my loaden soul,
Be not so cruel to me; choke not up

Enter Amintor.

The way to my repentance! Oh, my lord!
Amin. How now?
Evad. My much-abused lord! [*Kneels*
Amin. This cannot be! [hope it;
Evad. I do not kneel to live; I dare not
The wrongs I did are greater. Look upon me,
Though I appear with all my faults.
Amin. Stand up.
This is a new way to beget more sorrow:[46]
Heav'n knows I have too many! Do not mock me: [wrongs,
Though I am tame, and bred up with my
Which are my foster-brothers, I may leap,

[44] *Give me thy* hand.] Thus say all the editions; but the sense of the following lines requires us to read *hands*, in the plural—'*both* to Heaven held up.'

[45] *Would* dare *a woman.*] *i. e.* would scare, would fright her out of her wits to commit. *Mr. Theobald.*

[46] *This is* no *new way, &c.*] This is the reading of the majority of the copies. It is undoubtedly sense; but that which we have followed is more elegant.

Like a hand-wolf, into my natural wildness,
And do an outrage. Prithee, do not mock me.
Evad. My whole life is so leprous, it infects
All my repentance. I would buy your pardon,
Though at the highest set; even with my life.
That slight contrition, that's no sacrifice
For what I have committed.
Amin. Sure I dazzle:
There cannot be a faith in that foul woman
That knows no god more mighty than her faults,
mischiefs.
Thou dost still worse, still number on thy
To press my poor heart thus. Can I believe
There's any seed of virtue in that woman
Left to shoot up, that dares go on in sin,
Known, and so known as thine is? Oh, Evadne!
Would there were any safety in thy sex,[47]
That I might put a thousand sorrows off,
And credit thy repentance! But I must not:
Thou hast brought me to that dull calamity,
To that strange misbelief of all the world,
And all things that are in it, that I fear
I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave,
Only rememb'ring that I grieve.
Evad. My lord,
Give me your griefs: You are an innocent,
A soul as white as Heav'n; let not my sins
Perish your noble youth. I do not fall here
To shadow, by dissembling with my tears,
(As, all say, women can), or to make less,
What my hot will hath done, which Heav'n and you
Know to be tougher than the hand of time
Can cut from man's remembrance. No, I do not:
I do appear the same, the same Evadne,
Drest in the shames I liv'd in; the same mon-ster!
But these are names of honour, to what I am:
I do present myself the foulest creature,
Most pois'nous, dang'rous, and despis'd of men,
Lerna e'er bred, or Nilus! I am hell, me,
'Till you, my dear lord, shoot your light into
The beams of your forgiveness. I am soul-sick,
And wither with the fear of one condemn'd,
'Till I have got your pardon.
Amin. Rise, Evadne.
Those heav'nly powers that put this good into thee,
Grant a continuance of it! I forgive thee:
Make thyself worthy of it; and take heed,
Take heed, Evadne, this be serious.
Mock not the pow'rs above, that can and dare
Give thee a great example of their justice
To all ensuing eyes, if thou playest
With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.
Evad. I have done nothing good to win belief,
My life hath been so faithless. All the crea-tures,
Made for Heav'n's honours, have their ends, and good ones,
All but the coz'ning crocodiles, false women!
They reign here like those plagues, those kil-ling sores,
Men pray against; and when they die, like tales
Ill told and unbeliev'd, they pass away,
And go to dust forgotten! But, my lord,
Those short days I shall number to my rest
(As many must not see me) shall, though too late,
Though in my evening, yet perceive a will;
Since I can do no good, because a woman,
Reach constantly at something that is near it:
I will redeem one minute of my age,
Or, like another Niobe, I'll weep
'Till I am water.
Amin. I am now dissolv'd:
My frozen soul melts. May each sin thou hast,
Find a new mercy! Rise; I am at peace.
Hadst thou been thus, thus excellently good,
Before that devil king tempted thy frailty,
Sure thou hadst made a star! Give me thy hand.
From this time I will know thee; and, as far
As honour gives me leave, be thy Amintor.
When we meet next, I will salute thee fairly,
And pray the gods to give thee happy days.
My charity shall go along with thee,
Though my embraces must be far from thee.
I should have kill'd thee, but this sweet re-pentance thee—
Locks up my vengeance; for which thus I kiss
The last kiss we must take! And 'would to Heav'n
The holy priest, that gave our hands together,
Had giv'n us equal virtues! Go, Evadne;
The gods thus part our bodies. Have a care
My honour falls no farther: I am well then.
Evad. All the dear joys here, and, above, hereafter, lord;
Crown thy fair soul! Thus I take leave, my
And never shall you see the foul Evadne, may
'Till she have try'd all honour'd means, that
Set her in rest, and wash her stains away.
[*Exeunt.*

BANQUET. *Enter King and Calianax. Hautboys play within.*

King. I cannot tell how I should credit this
From you, that are his enemy.
Cal. I'm sure
He said it to me; and I'll justify it sword.
What way he dares oppose—but with my
King. But did he break, without all cir-cumstance,
To you, his foe, that he would have the fort,
To kill me, and then 'scape?
Cal. If he deny it,
I'll make him blush.
King. It sounds incredibly.
Cal. Ay, so does ev'ry thing I say of late.
King. Not so, Calianax.
Cal. Yes, I should sit
Mute, whilst a rogue with strong arms cuts your throat.

[47] *Would there were any* safety *in thy sex.*] i. e. any security, any trust, or belief, to be reposed in them. *Mr. Theobald.*

Deny it, if thou canst. Examine him
While he is hot; for if he cool again,
He will forswear it.
King. This is lunacy,
I hope, Melantius.
Mel. He hath lost himself
Much, since his daughter miss'd the happiness
My sister gain'd; and, though he call me foe,
I pity him.
Cal. Pity? a pox upon you! [the Masque,
Mel. Mark his disorder'd words! And, at
Diagoras knows, he rag'd, and rail'd at me,
And call'd a lady whore, so innocent
She understood him not. But it becomes
Both you and me too to forgive distraction:
Pardon him, as I do.
Cal. I'll not speak for thee,
For all thy cunning. If you will be safe,
Chop off his head; for there was never known
So impudent a rascal.
King. Some, that love him,
Get him to-bed. Why, pity should not let
Age make itself contemptible; we must be
All old; have him away.
Mel. Calianax, [home,
The king believes you; come, you shall go
And rest; you have done well.—You'll give it up
When I have us'd you thus a month, I hope.
[*Apart.*
Cal. Now, now, 'tis plain, Sir; he does move me still.
He says, he knows I'll give him up the fort,
When he has us'd me thus a month. I am mad,
Am I not, still?
Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!
Cal. I shall be mad *i*ndeed, if you do thus!
Why should you trust a sturdy fellow there
(That has no virtue in him; all's in his sword)
Before me? Do but take his weapons from him,
And he's an ass; and I'm a very fool,
Both with him, and without him, as you use
Omnes. Ha, ha, ha! [me.
King. 'Tis well, Calianax. But if you use
This once again, I shall intreat some other
To see your offices be well discharg'd.
Be merry, gentlemen; it grows somewhat late.
Amintor, thou wouldst be a-bed again.
Amin. Yes, Sir.
King. And you, Evadne. Let me take
Thee in my arms, Melantius, and believe
Thou art, as thou deserv'st to be, my friend
Still, and for ever. Good Calianax,
Sleep soundly; it will bring thee to thyself.
[*Exeunt.*

Manent Melantius and Calianax.

Cal. Sleep soundly! I sleep soundly now, I hope;
I could not be thus else How dar'st thou stay
Alone with me, knowing how thou hast us'd me? [and that's
Mel. You cannot blast me with your tongue,
The strongest part you have about you.
Cal. Ay,
Do look for some great punishment for this:
For I begin to forget all my hate,
And take't unkindly that mine enemy
Should use me so extr'ordinarily scurvily.
Mel. I shall melt too, if you begin to take
Unkindnesses: I never meant you hurt.
Cal. Thou'lt anger me again. Thou wretched rogue, [king;
Meant me no hurt! Disgrace me with the
Lose all my offices! This is no hurt,
Is it? I prithee, what dost thou call hurt? [not;
Mel. To poison men, because they love me
To call the credit of mens' wives in question;
To murder children betwixt me and land;
This is all hurt.
Cal. All this thou think'st, is sport;
For mine is worse: But use thy will with me;
For, betwixt grief and anger, I could cry.
Mel. Be wise then, and be safe; thou may'st revenge. [o' thee.
Cal. Ay, o' the King? I would revenge
Mel. That you must plot yourself.
Cal. I'm a fine plotter. [the king
Mel. The short is, I will hold thee with
In this perplexity, till peevishness
And thy disgrace have laid thee in thy grave.
But if thou wilt deliver up the fort,
I'll take thy trembling body in my arms,
And bear thee over dangers: Thou shalt hold
Thy wonted state.
Cal. If I should tell the king,
Canst thou deny 't again?
Mel. Try, and believe. [about.
Cal. Nay then, thou canst bring any thing
Thou shalt have the fort.
Mel. Why, well;
Here let our hate be buried; and this hand
Shall right us both. Give me thy aged breast
To compass.
Cal. Nay, I do not love thee yet;
I cannot well endure to look on thee:
And, if I thought it were a courtesy, [grac'd;
Thou should'st not have it. But I am dis-
My offices are to be ta'en away;
And, if I did but hold this fort a day,
I do believe, the King would take it from me,
And give it thee, things are so strangely carried. [know
Ne'er thank me for't; but yet the King shall
There was some such thing in 't I told him of;
And that I was an honest man.
Mel. He'll buy
That knowledge very dearly. Diphilus,

Enter Diphilus.

What news with thee?
Diph. This were a night indeed
To do it in: The King hath sent for her.
Mel. She shall perform it then. Go, Diphilus, [friend,
And take from this good man, my worthy
The fort; he'll give it thee.
Diph. Have you got that? [thou deny
Cal. Art thou of the same breed? Canst
This to the king too?

Diph. With a confidence
As great as his.
Cal. Faith, like enough.
Mel. Away, and use him kindly.
Cal. Touch not me;
I hate the whole strain. If thou follow me,
A great way off, I'll give thee up the fort;
And hang yourselves.
Mel. Be gone.
Diph. He's finely wrought.
[*Exeunt Cal. and Diph.*
Mel. This is a night, 'spite of astronomers,
To do the deed in. I will wash the stain,
That rests upon our house, off with his blood.

Enter Amintor.

Amin. Melantius, now assist me: If thou be'st
That which thou say'st, assist me. I have lost
All my distempers, and have found a rage
So pleasing! Help me.
Mel. Who can see him thus, [friend?
And not swear vengeance? What's the matter,
Amin. Out with thy sword; and, hand in hand with me,
Rush to the chamber of this hated king;
And sink him, with the weight of all his sins,
To hell for ever.
Mel. 'Twere a rash attempt,
Not to be done with safety. Let your reason
Plot your revenge, and not your passion.
Amin. If thou refusest me in these extremes,
Thou art no friend: He sent for her to me;
By Heav'n, to me, myself! And, I must tell you,
I love her, as a stranger; there is worth
In that vile woman, worthy things, Melantius;
And she repents. I'll do't myself alone,
Though I be slain. Farewel.
Mel. He'll overthrow
My whole design with madness. Amintor,
Think what thou dost: I dare as much as Valour; [tor,
But 'tis the king, the king, the king, Amin-
With whom thou fightest!—I know he's honest,
And this will work with him. [*Aside.*
Amin. I cannot tell
What thou hast said; but thou hast charm'd my sword
Out of my hand, and left me shaking here,
Defenceless.
Mel. I will take it up for thee.
Amin. What a wild beast is uncollected man!
The thing, that we call honour, bears us all
Headlong to sin, and yet itself is nothing.
Mel. Alas, how variable are thy thoughts!
Amin. Just like my fortunes: I was run to that
I purpos'd to have chid thee for. Some plot,
I did distrust, thou hadst against the king,
By that old fellow's carriage. But take heed;
There's not the least limb growing to a king,
But carries thunder in it.
Mel. I have none
Against him. [ber,
Amin. Why, come then; and still remem-
We may not think revenge.
Mel. I will remember. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Evadne and a gentleman.

Evad. SIR, is the king a-bed?
Gent. Madam, an hour ago.
Evad. Give me the key then, and let none be near;
'Tis the king's pleasure. ['twere mine.
Gent. I understand you, madam; 'would I must not wish good rest unto your ladyship.
Evad. You talk, you talk. [king
Gent. 'Tis all I dare do, madam; but the Will wake, and then——
Evad. Saving your imagination, pray, good night, Sir.
Gent. A good night be it then, and a long one, madam. I am gone. [*Exit.*
[*King a-bed.*
Evad. The night grows horrible; and all about me
Like my black purpose. Oh, the conscience
Of a lost virgin! whither wilt thou pull me?
To what things, dismal as the depth of hell,
Wilt thou provoke me? Let no woman dare
From this hour be disloyal, if her heart be flesh,
If she have blood, and can fear: 'Tis a daring
Above that desperate fool's that left his peace,
And went to sea to fight. 'Tis so many sins,
An age cannot repent 'em;[51] and so great,
The gods want mercy for! Yet, I must through 'em.
I have begun a slaughter on my honour,
And I must end it there. He sleeps. Good Heav'ns!
Why give you peace to this untemperate breast,
That hath so long transgress'd you? I must kill him,
And I will do it bravely: The mere joy
Tells me, I merit in it. Yet I must not

[51] ——————'*tis so many sins,*
An age cannot prevent *'em*;] Mr. Theobald, we think judiciously, makes the alteration we have followed.

While he was good, I call'd him king; and serv'd him
With that strong faith, that most unwearied valour,
Pull'd people from the farthest sun to seek him,
And beg his friendship.[55] I was then his soldier,
But since his hot pride drew him to disgrace me,
And brand my noble actions with his lust
(That never-cur'd dishonour of my sister,
Base stain of whore! and, which is worse,
The joy to make it still so) like myself,
Thus I have flung him off with my allegiance;
And stand here mine own justice, to revenge
What I have suffer'd in him; and this old man,
Wrong'd almost to lunacy.

Cal. Who I?
You would draw me in. I have had no wrong,
I do disclaim ye all.

Mel. The short is this:
'Tis no ambition to lift up myself
Urgeth me thus; I do desire again
To be a subject, so I may be free.
If not, I know my strength, and will unbuild
This goodly town. Be speedy, and be wise,
In a reply.

Stra. Be sudden, Sir, to tie
All up again: What's done is past recall,
And past you to revenge; and there are thousands,
That wait for such a troubled hour as this.
Throw him the blank.

Lys. Melantius, write in that
Thy choice: My seal is at it.

Mel. It was our honours drew us to this act,
Not gain; and we will only work our pardons.

Cal. Put my name in too.

Diph. You disclaim'd us all
But now, Calianax.

Cal. That is all one;
I'll not be hang'd hereafter by a trick:
I'll have it in.

Mel. You shall, you shall. [king,
Come to the back gate, and we'll call you
And give you up the fort.

Lys. Away, away. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Aspatia in man's apparel.

Asp. This is my fatal hour. Heav'n may forgive
My rash attempt, that causelesly hath laid
Griefs on me that will never let me rest;
And put a woman's heart into my breast.
It is more honour for you, that I die;
For she, that can endure the misery
That I have on me, and be patient too,
May live and laugh at all that you can do.
God save you, Sir!

Enter Servant.

Ser. And you, Sir. What's your business?

Asp. With you, Sir, now; to do me the fair office
To help me to your lord.

Ser. What, would you serve him?

Asp. I'll do him any service; but, to haste,
For my affairs are earnest, I desire
To speak with him.

Ser. Sir, because you're in such haste, I would be loth to delay you any longer: You cannot.

Asp. It shall become you, though, to tell your lord.

Ser. Sir, he will speak with nobody; but, in particular, I have in charge, about no weighty matters.[56] [proof?

Asp. This is most strange. Art thou gold.
There's for thee; help me to him.

Ser. Pray be not angry, Sir. I'll do my best. [*Exit.*

Asp. How stubbornly this fellow answer'd me!
There is a vile dishonest trick in man,
More than in women: All the men I meet
Appear thus to me, are all harsh and rude;
And have a subtilty in every thing,
Which love could never know. But we fond women
Harbour the easiest and the smoothest thoughts,
And think all shall go so! It is unjust,
That men and women should be match'd together.

Enter Amintor and his man.

Amin. Where is he?

Ser. There, my lord.

Amin. What would you, Sir? [your man

Asp. Please it your lordship to command
Out of the room, I shall deliver things
Worthy your hearing.

Amin. Leave us. [*Exit servant.*

Asp. Oh, that that shape
Should bury falshood in it! [*Aside.*

Amin. Now your will, Sir.

Asp. When you know me, my lord, you needs must guess
My business; and I am not hard to know;
For till the chance of war mark'd this smooth face [me
With these few blemishes, people would call
My sister's picture, and her mine. In short,
I am the brother to the wrong'd Aspatia.

Amin. The wrong'd Aspatia! 'Would thou wert so too
Unto the wrong'd Amintor! Let me kiss
That hand of thine, in honour that I bear
Unto the wrong'd Aspatia. Here I stand,

[55] *And* beg *his friendship.*] This is the reading of the edition of 1619: That of 1630 says, *buy.*

[56] *But in particular I have in charge, about no weighty matters.*] These words, which shew an impertinence so common in all servants, and a desire of sifting into every body's business, are only to be found in the first quarto, in 1619. *Mr. Theobald.*

That did it: 'Would he could not! Gentle youth,
Leave me; for there is something in thy looks,
That calls my sins, in a most hideous form,
Into my mind; and I have grief enough
Without thy help.
Asp. I would I could with credit.
Since I was twelve years old, I had not seen
My sister till this hour; I now arriv'd:
She sent for me to see her marriage;
A woful one! But they, that are aboye,
Have ends in every thing.[57] She us'd few words;
But yet enough to make me understand
The baseness of the injuries you did her.
That little training I have had, is war:
I may behave myself rudely in peace; [you,
I would not, though. I shall not need to tell
I am but young, and would be loth to lose
Honour, that is not easily gain'd again.
Fairly I mean to deal: The age is strict
For single combats; and we shall be stopp'd,
If it be publish'd. If you like your sword,
Use it; if mine appear a better to you,
Change; for the ground is this, and this the time,
To end our difference.
Amin. Charitable youth,
(If thou be'st such) think not I will maintain
So strange a wrong: And, for thy sister's sake,
Know, that I could not think that desperate thing
I durst not do; yet, to enjoy this world,
I would not see her; for, beholding thee,
I am I know not what. If I have aught,
That may content thee, take it, and be gone;
For death is not so terrible as thou.
Thine eyes shoot guilt into me.
Asp. Thus, she swore, [words
Thou wouldst behave thyself; and give me
That would fetch tears into my eyes; and so
Thou dost, indeed. But yet she bade me watch,
Lest I were cozen'd; and be sure to fight,
Ere I return'd.
Amin. That must not be with me.
For her I'll die directly; but against her
Will never hazard it.
Asp. You must be urg'd.
I do not deal uncivily with those
That dare to fight; but such a one as you
Must be us'd thus. [*She strikes him.*
Amin. I prithee, youth, take heed.
Thy sister is a thing to me so much
Above mine honour, that I can endure
All this. Good gods! a blow I can endure!
But stay not, lest thou draw a timeless death
Upon thyself.
Asp. Thou art some prating fellow;
One, that hath studied out a trick to talk,
And move soft-hearted people; to be kick'd
[*She kicks him.*
Thus, to be kick'd!—Why should he be so slow
In giving me my death? [*Aside.*
Amin. A man can bear [then!
No more, and keep his flesh. Forgive me,
I would endure yet, if I could. Now shew
The spirit thou pretend'st, and understand,
Thou hast no hour to live.—— [*They fight.*
What dost thou mean? [at me
Thou canst not fight: The blows thou mak'st
Are quite besides; and those I offer at thee,
Thou spread'st thine arms, and tak'st upon thy breast,
Alas, defenceless!
Asp. I have got enough,
And my desire. There is no place so fit
For me to die as here.

Enter Evadne, her hands bloody, with a knife.

Evad. Amintor, I am loaden with events,
That fly to make thee happy. I have joys,
That in a moment can call back thy wrongs,
And settle thee in thy free state again.
It is Evadne still that follows thee,
But not her mischiefs. [again;
Amin. Thou canst not fool me to believe
But thou hast looks and things so full of news,
That I am stay'd.
Evad. Noble Amintor, put off thy amaze,
Let thine eyes loose, and speak: Am I not fair? [now?
Looks not Evadne beauteous, with these rites
Were those hours half so lovely in thine eyes,
When our hands met before the holy man?
I was too foul within to look fair then:
Since I knew ill, I was not free till now.
Amin. There is presage of some important thing [lost.
About thee, which, it seems, thy tongue hath
Thy hands are bloody, and thou hast a knife!
Evad. In this consists thy happiness and mine.
Joy to Amintor! for the king is dead.
Amin. Those have most pow'r to hurt us, that we love;
We lay our sleeping lives within their arms!
Why, thou hast rais'd up mischief to his height,
And found one, to out-name thy other faults.
Thou hast no intermission of thy sins,
But all thy life is a continued ill.
Black is thy colour now, disease thy nature.
Joy to Amintor! Thou hast touch'd a life,

[57] ——— *But they that are above,*
Have ends in every thing.] How nobly, and to what advantage, has SHAKESPEARE expressed this sentiment, in his Hamlet!

——— *And that should teach us,*
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will. *Mr. Theobald.*

The very name of which had pow'r to chain
Up all my rage, and calm my wildest wrongs.
Evad. 'Tis done; and since I could not find a way
To meet thy love so clear as through his life,
I cannot now repent it.
Amin. Couldst thou procure the gods to speak to me,
To bid me love this woman, and forgive,
I think I should fall out with them. Behold,
Here lies a youth whose wounds bleed in my breast,
Sent by his violent fate, to fetch his death
From my slow hand: And, to augment my woe,
You now are present, stain'd with a king's blood,
Violently shed. This keeps night here,
And throws an unknown wilderness about me.[58]
Asp. Oh, oh, oh! [bed.
Amin. No more; pursue me not.
Evad. Forgive me then, and take me to thy
We may not part.
Amin. Forbear! Be wise, and let my rage
Go this way.
Evad. 'Tis you that I would stay, not it.
Amin. Take heed; it will return with me.
Evad. If it must be, I shall not fear to meet it:
Take me home. [thy sword.
Amin. Thou monster of cruelty, forbear!
Evad. For Heaven's sake, look more calm:
Thine eyes are sharper than thou canst make
Amin. Away, away! [violence.
Thy knees are more to me than
I'm worse than sick to see knees follow me,
For that I must not grant. For Heaven's sake, stand.
Evad. Receive me, then.
Amin. I dare not stay thy language:
In midst of all my anger and my grief,
Thou dost awake something that troubles me,
And says, 'I lov'd thee once.' I dare not stay;
There is no end of woman's reasoning.
[*Leaves her.*
Evad. Amintor, thou shalt love me now again:
Go; I am calm. Farewel, and peace for ever!
Evadne, whom thou hat'st, will die for thee.
[*Kills herself.*
Amin. I have a little human nature yet,
That's left for thee, that bids me stay thy hand.
[*Returns.*
Evad. Thy hand was welcome, but it came too late.
Oh, I am lost! the heavy sleep makes haste.
[*She dies.*
Asp. Oh, oh, oh! [I feel
Amin. This earth of mine doth tremble, and
A stark affrighted motion in my blood:
My soul grows weary of her house, and I
All over am a trouble to myself. [things,
There is some hidden pow'r in these dead
That calls my flesh unto 'em: I am cold!
Be resolute, and bear 'em company. [leave.
There's something, yet, which I am loth to
There's man enough in me to meet the fears
That death can bring; and yet, 'would it were done!
I can find nothing in the whole discourse
Of death, I durst not meet the boldest way;
Yet still, betwixt the reason and the act,
The wrong I to Aspatia did stands up:
I have not such another fault to answer.
Though she may justly arm herself with scorn
And hate of me, my soul will part less troubled,
When I have paid to her in tears my sorrow.
I will not leave this act unsatisfied,
If all that's left in me, can answer it.
Asp. Was it a dream? There stands Amintor still;
Or I dream still.
Amin. How dost thou? Speak: receive my love and help.
Thy blood climbs up to his old place again:
There's hope of thy recovery.
Asp. Did you not name Aspatia?
Amin. I did. [her?
Asp. And talk'd of tears and sorrow unto
Amin. 'Tis true; and 'till these happy signs in thee
Did stay my course, 'twas thither I was going.
Asp. Thou'rt there already, and these wounds are hers:
Those threats, I brought with me, sought not revenge;
But came to fetch this blessing from thy hand.
I am Aspatia yet.
Amin. Dare my soul ever look abroad again?
Asp. I shall surely live, Amintor; I am well:
A kind of healthful joy wanders within me.
Amin. The world wants lives to excuse thy loss![59]
Come, let me bear thee to some place of help.

[58] ——— *an unknown* wilderness.] This is a word here appropriated by the Poets to signify *wildness*; from the verb *bewilder*.

Milton seems to have been pleased with the liberty of using it in this sense, as he has copied it in his *Paradise Lost*, B. ix. v. 245.

The paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands
Will keep from wilderness *with ease.* *Mr. Theobald.*

[59] *The world wants* lines *to excuse thy loss:*] The sense and verse are both spoiled; I hope, I have restored both. My emendation gives this meaning. All the *lives* of all the women in the world cannot to me atone for the loss of thine. I guess that some transcriber, or editor, had first by mere accident changed *lives* to *lines*; and the word, *expiate*, not making the least sense with that, occasioned some future editor, without regard to the metre, to substitute *excuse* instead of it; which does carry some shadow of sense, though but an empty one.——This is the

Asp. Amintor, thou must stay; I must rest here;
My strength begins to disobey my will. [live
How dost thou, my best soul? I would fain
Now, if I could: Wouldst thou have lov'd me, then?
Amin. Alas!
All that I am's not worth a hair from thee.
Asp. Give me thy hand; my hands grope up and down,
And cannot find thee: I am wondrous sick:
Have I thy hand, Amintor?
Amin. Thou greatest blessing of the world, thou hast.
Asp. I do believe thee better than my sense.
Oh, I must go. Farewell! [*Dies.*
Amin. She swoons! Aspatia! Help! for Heav'n's sake, water!
Such as may chain life ever to this frame.
Aspatia, speak! What, no help yet? I fool!
I'll chafe her temples: Yet there's nothing stirs:
Some hidden power tell her, Amintor calls,
And let her answer me! Aspatia, speak!
I've heard, if there be any life, but bow
The body thus, and it will shew itself.
Oh, she is gone! I will not leave her yet.
Since out of justice we must challenge nothing,
I'll call it mercy, if you'll pity me, [years,
Ye heavenly powers! and lend, for some few
The blessed soul to this fair seat again.
No comfort comes; the gods deny me too!
I'll bow the body once again. Aspatia!
The soul is fled for ever; and I wrong
Myself, so long to lose her company.
Must I talk now? Here's to be with thee, love! [*Kills himself.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. This is a great grace to my lord, to have the new king come to him: I must tell him he is entering. Oh, Heav'n! Help, help!

Enter Lysippus, Melantius, Calianax, Cleon, Diphilus, and Strato.

Lys. Where's Amintor.
Serv. Oh, there, there.[60]
Lys. How strange is this!
Cal. What should we do here?
Mel. These deaths are such acquainted things with me,
That yet my heart dissolves not. May I stand
Stiff here for ever! Eyes, call up your tears!
This is Amintor: Heart! he was my friend;
Melt; now it flows. Amintor, give a word
To call me to thee.
Amin. Oh! [Oh, thy arms
Mel. Melantius calls his friend Amintor.
Are kinder to me than thy tongue! Speak, speak!
Amin. What? [sounds
Mel. That little word was worth all the
That ever I shall hear again.
Diph. Oh, brother!
Here lies your sister slain; you lose yourself
In sorrow there.
Mel. Why, Diphilus, it is
A thing to laugh at, in respect of this:
Here was my sister, father, brother, son:
All that I had! Speak once again: What
Lies slain there by thee? [youth
Amin. 'Tis Aspatia.
My last is said. Let me give up my soul
Into thy bosom. [*Dies.*
Cal. What's that? what's that? Aspatia!
Mel. I never did
Repent the greatness of my heart till now:
It will not burst at need.
Cal. My daughter dead here too! And you have all fine new tricks to grieve; but I ne'er knew any but direct crying.
Mel. I am a prattler; but no more.
[*Offers to kill himself.*
Diph. Hold, brother.
Lys. Stop him.

the emendation and comment of the ingenious Mr. Seward.—Long before I received his thoughts upon this passage, I had substituted with less variation from the text:

The world wants limits *to excuse thy loss.*

i. e. Were the world ever so wide and large, the loss of thee is so great, that its whole *vastidity*, as Shakespeare says, would not *be* sufficient to *excuse*, or *compensate* for it. I have adopted my friend's conjecture into the text, because I would be always willing to shew a diffidence of my own poor efforts. The readers will have the benefit of both our conjectures. *Mr. Theobald.*

We have inserted these gentlemen's conjectures, lest the omission of them might be thought unjust; but cannot allow propriety in either. From Mr. Theobald's alteration we dissent, because *limits* is so very different from *lines*, and from the same reasoning we object to Mr. Seward's word *expiate*. Our Authors were often defective in their measure, often redundant; and we find this line less exceptionable than multitudes which might be instanced. With respect to the word *lines*, the vowel *u* was formerly used for the consonant *v*; and the vowel *u* being inverted (a very common error at the press) appears to be an *n*; hence, then, we derive the word *lines* for *liues*.

[60] Stra. *Oh, there, there.*] We cannot believe, our Poets intended these words to be spoken by *Strato*. *Strato* is following Lysippus into the room, yet is the first to give information of what that prince must have seen before him. The speech appears to us to belong to the *Servant*; to whom therefore we have assigned it.

Diph. Fie! how unmanly was this offer in you;
Does this become our strain?

Cal. I know not what the matter is, but I am grown very kind, and am friends with you. You have given me that among you will kill me quickly; but I'll go home, and live as long as I can.

Mel. His spirit is but poor, that can be kept
From death for want of weapons.
Is not my hand a weapon sharp enough
To stop my breath? or, if you tie down those,
I vow, Amintor, I will never eat,
Or drink, or sleep, or have to do with that
That may preserve life! This I swear to keep.

Lys. Look to him tho', and bear those bodies in.
May this a fair example be to me,
To rule with temper: For, on lustful kings,[61]
Unlook'd-for, sudden deaths from Heav'n are sent;
But curst is he that is their instrument.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[61] ——— *For, on lustful kings.*] Mr. Rymer has very justly remarked in his Criticisms on Tragedy, that as the *moral* is a lesson on the dangers attending *incontinence*, the play ought to take its name from the King: Whereas the whole distress of the story lying on Aspatia being abandoned, and the gross injury done to Amintor, the *moral*, that we have, is in no kind to the purpose. Amintor is every where, indeed, condemning himself for his perfidy to his betrothed mistress; and inculcating, that the Heavens are strict in punishing him for that crime; and so we have another *moral* in the body of the *fable*. *Mr. Theobald.*

Mr. Rymer and Mr. Theobald concur again in blaming our Authors for making the *title* of the play relate to the distress of Aspatia, and the *moral* at the close only to the ill consequences of vice in kings. But these gentlemen did not remember, that good writers have frequently avoided giving their plays a name which might forestall the event, and open too much of the main plot: Thus, Venice Preserv'd, or the Plot Discover'd, has been much blamed for discovering the plot too soon. Whereas many of Shakespeare's and our Author's plays take their names from some character or incident that gives not the least insight into the main design. *Mr. Seward.*

We cannot help owning, that, in our opinion, there is more justice in the remark of Rymer and Theobald, than in that of Mr. Seward.

PHILASTER;

OR,

LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING.

The Commendatory Verses by Lovelace, Stanley, and Herrick, speak of Fletcher as sole Author of this Play; those by Earle, of Beaumont. It is supposed, however, to have been wrote conjunctively. The first edition we find, was printed in 1628. This was one of the plays performed at the Old Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, when the women acted alone; a prologue for it was then wrote by Mr. Dryden. In the reign of Charles II. some alterations were made in this play, by George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; when it was entitled, "The Restoration, or Right will take Place;" but, some writers say it was never brought on the stage. In 1695, Mr. Settle wrote a new fourth and fifth act to it, with which it was then performed. In 1673, Philaster, after having been suffered to lie many years dormant, was again introduced to the stage, with some few alterations, by George Colman, Esq. when that excellent performer, Mr. William Powell, made his first appearance, in the character of Philaster.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.	WOMEN.
KING.	
PHILASTER, *heir to the crown.*	ARETHUSA, *the king's daughter.*
PHARAMOND, *prince of Spain.*	GALATEA, *a wise modest lady, attending the princess.*
DION, *a lord.*	MEGRA, *a lascivious lady.*
CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, *noble gentlemen, his associates.*	*An old wanton lady, or crone.*[1]
An old captain.	*Another lady attending the princess.*
Five citizens.	EUPHRASIA, *daughter of Dion, but disguised like a page, and called Bellario.*
A country fellow.	
Two woodmen.	
The king's guard and train.	

SCENE, *Sicily.*

ACT I.

Enter Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.

Cler. HERE'S nor lords nor ladies.

Dion. Credit me, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They received strict charge from the king to attend here. Besides, it was boldly published,[2] that no officer should forbid any gentleman that desire to attend and hear.

Cler. Can you guess the cause?

[1] *An old wanton lady, or* croane.] We find this character in all the editions, but Mr. Theobald's.

[2] *It was* boldly *published.*] This adverb can have no sort of propriety here. What *boldness* is there in publishing an order from the king, that no gentleman or lady should be refused admittance?

Dion. Sir, it is plain, about the Spanish prince, that's come to marry our kingdom's heir, and be our sovereign.

Thra. Many, that will seem to know much, say, she looks not on him like a maid in love.

Dion. Oh, Sir, the multitude (that seldom know any thing but their own opinions) speak that they would have; but the prince, before his own approach, receiv'd so many confident messages from the state, that I think she's resolv'd to be rul'd.

Cle. Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these kingdoms of Sicily and Calabria.

Dion. Sir, it is, without controversy, so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labour for him to enjoy both these kingdoms, with safety, the right heir to one of them living, and living so virtuously; especially, the people admiring the bravery of his mind, and lamenting his injuries.

Cle. Who? Philaster?

Dion. Yes; whose father, we all know, was by our late king of Calabria unrighteously depos'd from his fruitful Sicily. Myself drew some blood in those wars, which I would give my hand to be wash'd from

Cle. Sir, my ignorance in state policy will not let me know why, Philaster being heir to one of these kingdoms, the king should suffer him to walk abroad with such free liberty.

Dion. Sir, it seems your nature is more constant than to enquire after state news. But the king, of late, made a hazard of both the kingdoms, of Sicily and his own, with offering but to imprison Philaster. At which the city was in arms, not to be charm'd down by any state-order or proclamation, till they saw Philaster ride through the streets pleas'd, and without a guard; at which they threw their hats, and their arms from them; some to make bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance. Which, wise men say, is the cause the king labours to bring in the power of a foreign nation, to awe his own with.

Enter Galatea, Megra, and a lady.

Thra. See, the ladies. What's the first?

Dion. A wise and modest gentlewoman that attends the princess.

Cle. The second?

Dion. She is one that may stand still discreetly enough, and ill-favour'dly dance her measure; simper when she is courted by her friend, and slight her husband.

Cle. The last?

Dion. Marry, I think she is one whom the state keeps for the agents of our confederate princes. She'll cog and lie with a whole army, before the league shall break: Her name is common through the kingdom, and the trophies of her dishonour advanced beyond Hercules' pillars. She loves to try the several constitutions of mens' bodies; and, indeed, has destroyed the worth of her own body, by making experiment upon it, for the good of the commonwealth.

Cle. She's a profitable member.

La. Peace, if you love me![3] You shall see these gentlemen stand their ground, and not court us.

Gal. What if they should?

Meg. What if they should?

La. Nay, let her alone. What if they should? Why, if they should, I say they were never abroad. What foreigner would do so? It writes them directly untravelled.

Gal. Why, what if they be?

Meg. What if they be?

La. Good madam, let her go on. What if they be? Why, if they be, I will justify, they cannot maintain discourse with a judicious lady, nor make a leg, nor say 'excuse me.'

mittance? I make no doubt but it is an error of the press, and that the original word was what I have substituted for it. *Mr. Seward.*

Mr. Seward, therefore, reads *loudly*; but as we see not the least reason for such an alteration, we have followed the old copies.

[3] *Peace, if you love me.*] I have made a transposition in the speakers here, from the following accurate criticism of Mr. Seward. *Mr. Theobald.*

'The character given of the last of these three ladies so exactly suits Megra, and all the 'speeches which the *anonymous lady* speaks, her excessive fondness for the courtship of men, 'and of foreigners in particular, are so entirely in her strain; that I am persuaded, she has 'been unjustly deprived of them. It is not the custom of any good writer to give a long and 'distinguishing character of, and to make a person the chief speaker in any scene, who is a 'mere cypher in the whole play besides: Particularly, when there is another in the same scene, 'to whom both the character and the speeches exactly correspond. I should guess it to have 'been some jumble of the players; she, who acted Megra, having given up so much of her 'part to initiate some younger actress. The entrance should have been thus regulated:

'*Enter Galatea, a lady, and Megra.*

'And all the speeches of the two latter transposed.' *Mr. Seward.*

Had Mr. Seward been altering this play for representation, his right to make this transposition would certainly be allowable, but is not as an editor. It was, however, necessary to mention his conjecture. The person here speaking is doubtless the *old wanton lady, or crony,* whose character is left out of the drama in Mr. Theobald's edition.

Gal. Ha, ha, ha!
La. Do you laugh, madam?
Dion. Your desires upon you, ladies.
La. Then you must sit beside us.
Dion. I shall sit near you then, lady.
La. Near me, perhaps: But there's a lady indures no stranger; and to me you appear a very strange fellow.
Meg. Methinks, he's not so strange; he would quickly be acquainted.
Thra. Peace, the king.

Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, and train.

King. To give a stronger testimony of love
Than sickly promises (which commonly
In princes find both birth and burial [Sir,
In one breath) we have drawn you, worthy
To make your fair endearments to our daughter,
And worthy services known to our subjects,
Now lov'd and wonder'd at. Next, our intent,
To plant you deeply, our immediate heir,
Both to our blood and kingdoms. For this lady,
(The best part of your life, as you confirm me,
And I believe) though her few years and sex
Yet teach her nothing but her fears and blushes,
Desires without desire, discourse and knowledge
Only of what herself is to herself,
Make her feel moderate health; and when she sleeps,
In making no ill day, knows no ill dreams.
Think not, dear Sir, these undivided parts,
That must mould up a virgin, are put on
To shew her so, as borrow'd ornaments,
To speak her perfect love to you, or add
An artifical shadow to her nature:
No, Sir; I boldly dare proclaim her, yet
No woman. But woo her still, and think her modesty
A sweeter mistress than the offer'd language
Of any dame, were she a queen, whose eye
Speaks common loves and comforts to her servants.
Last, noble son (for so I now must call you)
What I have done thus public, is not only
To add a comfort in particular
To you or me, but all; and to confirm
The nobles, and the gentry of these kingdoms,
By oath to your succession, which shall be
Within this month at most.
Thra. This will be hardly done.
Cle. It must be ill done, if it be done.
Dion. When 'tis at best, 'twill be but half done, whilst
So brave a gentleman's wrong'd and flung off.
Thra. I fear.
Cle. Who does not? [too.
Dion. I fear not for myself, and yet I fear
Well, we shall see, we shall see. No more.

Pha. Kissing your white hand, mistress, I take leave
To thank your royal father; and thus far,
To be my own free trumpet. Understand,
Great king, and these your subjects, mine that must be,
(For so deserving you have spoke me, Sir,
And so deserving I dare speak myself)
To what a person, of what eminence,
Ripe expectation, of what faculties,
Manners and virtues, you would wed your kingdoms: [try!
You in me have your wishes. Oh, this coun-
By more than all my hopes I hold it happy;
Happy, in their dear memories that have been
Kings great and good; happy in yours, that is;
And from you (as a chronicle to keep
Your noble name from eating age) do I
Open myself, most happy.[4] Gentlemen,
Believe me in a word, a prince's word,
There shall be nothing to make up a kingdom
Mighty, and flourishing, defenced, fear'd,
Equal to be commanded and obey'd,
But through the travels of my life I'll find it,
And tye it to this country. And I vow
My reign shall be so easy to the subject,
That ev'ry man shall be his prince himself,
And his own law (yet I his prince and law.)
And, dearest lady, to your dearest self
(Dear, in the choice of him whose name and lustre
Must make you more and mightier) let me say,
You are the blessed'st living; for, sweet princess,
You shall enjoy a man of men, to be
Your servant; you shall make him yours, for whom
Great queens must die.
Thra. Miraculous!
Cle. This speech calls him Spaniard, being nothing but a large inventory of his own recommendations.

Enter Philaster.

Dion. I wonder what's his price? For certainly
He'll sell himself, he has so prais'd his shape.
But here comes one more worthy those large speeches,
Than the large speaker of them.
Let me be swallow'd quick, if I can find,
In all th' anatomy of yon man's virtues,
One sinew sound enough to promise for him,
He shall be constable.
By this sun, he'll ne'er make king
Unless it be for trifles, in my poor judgment.
Phi. Right noble Sir, as low as my obedience,
And with a heart as loyal as my knee,
I beg your favour.
King. Rise; you have it, Sir.

[4] Open *myself most happy.*] Mr. Seward reads, *Do I opine it* [this country] *in myself most happy.*

Dion. Mark but the king, how pale he looks with fear! [jades us!
Oh! this same whorson conscience,[5] how it
King. Speak your intents, Sir.
Phi. Shall I speak 'em freely?
Be still my royal sovereign.
King. As a subject,
We give you freedom.
Dion. Now it heats.
Phi. Then thus I turn [man!
My language to you, Prince; you, foreign
Ne'er stare, nor put on wonder, for you must
Indure me, and you shall. This earth you tread upon[6]
(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair princess)
By my dead father (oh, I had a father,
Whose memory I bow to!) was not left
To your inheritance, and I up and living;
Having myself about me, and my sword,
The souls of all my name, and memories,
These arms, and some few friends besides the gods;
To part so calmly with it, and sit still,
And say, 'I might have been.' I'll tell thee, Pharamond, [ten,
When thou art king, look I be dead and rot-
And my name ashes: For, hear me, Pharamond!
This very ground thou goest on, this fat earth,
My father's friends made fertile with their faiths, [low
Before that day of shame, shall gape and swal-
Thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave,
Into her hidden bowels. Prince, it shall;
By Nemesis, it shall!
Pha. He's mad; beyond cure, mad.
Dion. Here is a fellow has some fire in's veins: [drawer.
The outlandish prince looks like a tooth-
Phi. Sir, prince of poppingjays, I'll make
To you, I am not mad. [it well appear
King. You displease us:
You are too bold.
Phi. No, Sir, I am too tame, [sion,
Too much a turtle, a thing born without pas-
A faint shadow, that every drunken cloud sails over,
And makes nothing. [tainted.
King. I do not fancy this.
Call our physicians: Sure he is somewhat
Thra. I do not think 'twill prove so.
Dion. H'as giv'n him a general purge already, for all the right he has; and now he means to let him blood. Be constant, gentlemen: By these hilts, I'll run his hazard, although I run my name out of the kingdom.
Cle. Peace, we are all one soul. [fence,
Pha. What you have seen in me to stir of-
I cannot find; unless it be this lady,
Offer'd into mine arms, with the succession;
Which I must keep, though it hath pleas'd your fury
To mutiny within you; without disputing
Your genealogies, or taking knowledge
Whose branch you are. The king will leave it me; [swer.
And I dare make it mine. You have your an-
Phi. If thou wert sole inheritor to him[7]
That made the world his, and couldst see no sun [mond
Shine upon any thing but thine; were Phara-
As truly valiant as I feel him cold,
And ring'd among the choicest of his friends
(Such as would blush to talk such serious fol-
Or back such belied commendations) [lies,
And from this presence, spite of all these bugs,
You should hear further from me.
King. Sir, you wrong the prince:
I gave you not this freedom to brave our best friends. [temper'd.
You deserve our frown. Go to; be better
Phi. It must be, Sir, when I am nobler us'd.
Gal. Ladies,
This would have been a pattern of succession,[8]
Had he ne'er met this mischief. By my life,

[5] *Oh! this same whorson conscience, how it jades us!*] This sentiment Shakespeare has finely, and as concisely, expressed in his Hamlet.

'Tis conscience, that makes cowards of us all. *Mr. Theobald.*

[6] ——— *This earth you tread on*
(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair princess,
Whose memory I bow to) was not left
By my dead father (Oh, I had a father)
To your inheritance, &c.] This transposition is rectified by Mr. Seward.

[7] *If thou wert sole inheritor to him*
Who made the world his.] i. e. Alexander the Great. So Mr. Lee in his Tragedy of the Rival Queens.

But see, the master *of the* world *approaches.*

This is as fine an introduction, as possibly can be, to the first entrance of that great conqueror; and raises the expectation of the audience to give a due attention to every line he speaks. *Mr. Theobald.*

[8] *This would have been a pattern of* succession,
Had he ne'er met this mischief.] Mr. Sympson chuses to substitute *submission* for *succession.* I submit his conjecture to the readers, though I have not ventured to disturb the text; because the Poets, perhaps, might mean, that Philaster might have been a pattern to *succeeding* kings, had not he fallen under the misfortune of having his right to the kingdom usurped upon. *Mr. Theobald.*

There

He is the worthiest the true name of man
This day within my knowledge.
Meg. I cannot tell what you may call your knowledge;
But th' other is the man set in my eye.
Oh, 'tis a prince of wax!
Gal. A dog it is.
King. Philaster, tell me
The injuries you aim at, in your riddles.
Phi. If you had my eyes, Sir, and sufferance,
My griefs upon you, and my broken fortunes,
My wants great, and now nought but hopes and fears, [at.
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laugh'd
Dare you be still my king, and right me not?
King. Give me your wrongs in private.
[*They whisper.*
Phi. Take them,
And ease me of a load would bow strong Atlas.
Cle. He dares not stand the shock.
Dion. I cannot blame him: there's danger in't. Every man in this age has not a soul of crystal, for all men to read their actions through: Mens' hearts and faces are so far asunder, that they hold no intelligence. Do but view yon stranger well, and you shall see a fever through all his bravery, and feel him shake like a true recreant.[9] If he give not back his crown again, upon the report of an elder gun, I have no augury.
King. Go to!
Be more yourself as you respect our favour;
You'll stir us else. Sir, I must have you know,
That you're, and shall be, at our pleasure, what fashion we [the gods——
Will put upon you. Smooth your brow, or by
Phi. I am dead, Sir; you're my fate. It was not I
Said, I was wrong'd: I carry all about me
My weak stars lead me to, all my weak fortunes.
Who dares in all this presence speak (that is
But man of flesh, and may be mortal) tell me,
I do not most entirely love this prince,
And honour his full virtues!
King. Sure he's possess'd.
Phi. Yes, with my father's spirit: It's here, O king!
A dangerous spirit. Now he tells me, king,
I was a king's heir, bids me be a king;
And whispers to me, these are all my subjects.
'Tis strange he will not let me sleep, but dives
Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes
That kneel, and do me service, cry me 'king:'
But I'll suppress him; he's a factious spirit,
And will undo me. Noble Sir, your hand:
I am your servant.
King. Away, I do not like this:
I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you
Both of life and spirit: For this time
I pardon your wild speech, without so much
As your imprisonment.
[*Exit. King, Pha. and Are.*
Dion. I thank you, Sir; you dare not for the people.
Gal. Ladies, what think you now of this brave fellow?
Meg. A pretty talking fellow; hot at hand. But eye yon stranger: Is he not a fine complete gentleman? Oh, these strangers, I do affect them strangely! They do the rarest home things, and please the fullest! As I live, I could love all the nation over and over for his sake. [lady!
Gal. Pride comfort your poor head-piece,
'Tis a weak one, and had need of a night-cap.
Dion. See, how his fancy labours! Has he not [train
Spoke home, and bravely? What a dang'rous
Did he give fire to! How he shook the king,
Made his soul melt within him, and his blood
Run into whey! It stood upon his brow,
Like a cold winter dew.
Phi. Gentlemen,
You have no suit to me? I am no minion:[10]
You stand, methinks, like men that would be courtiers,
If you could well be flatter'd at a price,
Not to undo your children. You're all honest:
Go, get you home again, and make your country [may,
A virtuous court; to which your great ones
In their diseased age, retire, and live recluse.
Cle. How do you, worthy Sir!
Phi. Well, very well;
And so well, that, if the king please, I find
I may live many years.
Dion. The king must please, [are,
Whilst we know what you are, and who you
Your wrongs and injuries. Shrink not, worthy Sir,
But add your father to you: In whose name,[11]
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up

There can be no doubt, if we consider the two following speeches, as well as the present, but that Mr. Theobald's explanation, though so doubtfully delivered, gives the true sense of the passage, and confirms the old reading.

[9] *And feel him shake like a true* tenant.] This is the reading of the old copies; Mr. Theobald alters *tenant* to *recreant*; *i. e.* a person remarkable for meanness and cowardice.

[10] *I am no minion.*] *i. e.* No favourite of influence enough to carry any suits at court. The word is frequently used by Shakespeare. *Mr. Theobald.*

[11] ——— *In whose name*
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance, the abused people.] This puts me in mind of a passage in Hesiod, in his Ἔργα καὶ Ἡμέραι, v. 260.

The rods of vengeance, the abused people;
Who, like to raging torrents, shall swell high,
And so begirt the dens of these male-dragons,
That, through the strongest safety, they shall [beg
For mercy at your sword's point.
Phi. Friends, no more;
Our ears may be corrupted: 'Tis an age
We dare not trust our wills to. Do you love me?
Thra. Do we love Heav'n and honour?
Phi. My lord Dion, [father;
You had a virtuous gentlewoman called you
Is she yet alive?
Dion. Most honour'd Sir, she is:
And, for the penance but of an idle dream,
Has undertook a tedious pilgrimage.

Enter a Lady.

Phi. Is it to me, or any of these gentlemen you come?
Lady. To you, brave lord: The princess would entreat your present company.
Phi. The princess send for me! You are mistaken.
Lady. If you be call'd Philaster, 'tis to you.
Phi. Kiss her fair hand, and say I will attend her.
Dion. Do you know what you do?
Phi. Yes; go to see a woman. [in?
Cle. But do you weigh the danger you are
Phi. Danger in a sweet face!
By Jupiter, I must not fear a woman. [sent?
Thra. But are you sure it was the princess
It may be some foul train to catch your life.
Phi. I do not think it, gentlemen; she's noble;
Her eye may shoot me dead, or those true red
And white friends in her face may steal my soul out: [may,
There's all the danger in't. But, be what
Her single name hath armed me. [*Exit Phi.*
Dion. Go on:
And be as truly happy as thou'rt fearless.
Come, gentlemen, let's make our friends acLest the king prove false. [quainted,
[*Exeunt gentlemen.*

Enter Arethusa and a lady.

Are. Comes he not?
Lady. Madam?
Are. Will Philaster come?
Lady. Dear madam, you were wont
To credit me at first.
Are. But didst thou tell me so?
I am forgetful, and my woman's strength
Is so o'ercharg'd with dangers like to grow
About my marriage, that these under things
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea.
How look'd he, when he told thee he would [come?
Lady. Why, well.
Are. And not a little fearful!
Lady. Fear, madam? sure, he knows not what it is. [court
Are. Ye are all of his faction; the whole
Is bold in praise of him; whilst I
May live neglected, and do noble things,
As fools in strife throw gold into the sea,
Drown'd in the doing. But, I know he fears.
Lady. Fear? Madam, methought, his looks
Of love than fear. [hid more
Are Of love? to whom? to you?
Did you deliver those plain words I sent,
With such a winning gesture, and quick look,
That you have caught him?
Lady. Madam, I mean to you.
Are. Of love to me? alas! thy ignorance
Lets thee not see the crosses of our births.
Nature, that loves not to be questioned
Why she did this, or that, but has her ends,
And knows she does well, never gave the world
Two things so opposite, so contrary,
As he and I am: If a bowl of blood, [thee,
Drawn from this arm of mine, would poison
A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me?
Lady. Madam, I think I hear him.
Are. Bring him in. [withstood,
Ye gods, that would not have your dooms
Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is,
To make the passion of a feeble maid
The way unto your justice, I obey.

Enter Philaster.

Lady. Here is my lord Philaster.
Are. Oh! 'tis well.
Withdraw yourself.
Phi. Madam, your messenger
Made me believe you wish'd to speak with me.
Are. 'Tis true, Philaster; but the words are such
I have to say, and do so ill beseem
The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
And yet am loth to speak them. Have you known,
That I have ought detracted from your worth?
Have I in person wrong'd you? Or have set
My baser instruments to throw disgrace
Upon your virtues?
Phi. Never, madam, you. [public place,
Are. Why, then, should you, in such a

———ὄφρ' ἀποτίσῃ
Δῆμος ἀτασθαλίας βασιλέων·

This has been generally understood, as if the people should suffer for the faults of their prince; and Horace is quoted in support of this opinion.

Quicquid delirant *reges*, plectuntur *achivi*.

But would it not be better to understand it in Fletcher's words, for the people to be raised up to punish the crimes and misdemeanors of the prince? *Mr. Sympson.*

Injure a princess, and a scandal lay
Upon my fortunes, fam'd to be so great;
Calling a great part of my dowry in question?
Phi. Madam, this truth which I shall speak, will be
Foolish: But, for your fair and virtuous self,
I could afford myself to have no right
To any thing you wish'd.
Are. Philaster, know,
I must enjoy these kingdoms.
Phi. Madam! Both? [laster,
Are. Both, or I die: By fate, I die, Phi-
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.
Phi. I would do much to save that noble life:
Yet would be loth to have posterity
Find in our stories, that Philaster gave
His right unto a sceptre, and a crown,
To save a lady's longing.
Are. Nay then, hear!
I must and will have them, and more——
Phi. What more? [par'd,
Are. Or lose that little life the gods pre-
To trouble this poor piece of earth withal.
Phi. Madam, what more?
Are. Turn, then, away thy face.
Phi. No.
Are. Do.
Phi. I can't endure it. Turn away my face?
I never yet saw enemy that look'd
So dreadfully, but that I thought myself
As great a basilisk as he; or spake
So horribly, but that I thought my tongue
Bore thunder underneath, as much as his;
Nor beast that I could turn from: Shall I then
Begin to fear sweet sounds! a lady's voice,
Whom I do love? Say, you would have my life?
Why, I will give it you; for it is of me
A thing so loath'd, and unto you that ask
Of so poor use, that I shall make no price:
If you entreat, I will unmov'dly hear.
Are. Yet, for my sake, a little bend thy looks.
Phi. I do. [thee.
Are. Then know, I must have them, and
Phi. And me?
Are. Thy love; without which, all the land
Discover'd yet, will serve me for no use,
But to be buried in.
Phi. Is't possible?
Are. With it, it were too little to bestow
On thee. Now, though thy breath do strike me dead, [breast.
(Which, know, it may) I have unript my
Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,
To lay a train for this contemned life,
Which you may have for asking: To suspect
Were base, where I deserve no ill. Love you,
By all my hopes, I do, above my life:
But how this passion should proceed from you
So violently, would amaze a man
That would be jealous.
Are. Another soul, into my body shot,
Could not have fill'd me with more strength and spirit, [time,
Than this thy breath. But spend not hasty
In seeking how I came thus: 'Tis the gods,
The gods, that make me so; and, sure, our love
Will be the nobler, and the better blest,
In that the secret justice of the gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave, and kiss;
Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us,
And we should part without it.
Phi. 'Twill be ill
I should abide here long.
Are. 'Tis true; and worse [vise
You should come often. How shall we de-
To hold intelligence that our true loves,
On any new occasion, may agree
What path is best to tread?
Phi. I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain-side,
Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by,[12] made by himself,
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
Delighted me: But ever when he turn'd
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story.
He told me, that his parents gentle dy'd,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots; and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did shew
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify; and how all, order'd thus,
Express'd his grief: And, to my thoughts, did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wish'd; so that, methought, I could
Have study'd it. I gladly entertain'd him,
Who was as glad to follow; and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy,
That ever master kept. Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Enter Lady.

Are. 'Tis well; no more.
Lady. Madam, the prince is come to do his service.

[12] *A garland lay* him by.] Thus read the old copies. Mr. Theobald, with more freedom, and perhaps as much elegance, says, *A garland lay* by him.

Are. What will you do, Philaster, with yourself:

Phi. Why, that which all the gods have appointed out for me. [prince.

Are. Dear, hide thyself. Bring in the

Phi. Hide me from Pharamond! [Jove,
When thunder speaks, which is the voice of
Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not;
And shall a stranger prince have leave to brag
Unto a foreign nation, that he made
Philaster hide himself?

Are. He cannot know it. [world

Phi. Though it should sleep for ever to the
It is a simple sin to hide myself,
Which will for ever on my conscience lie.

Are. Then, good Philaster, give him scope and way
In what he says; for he is apt to speak
What you are loth to hear: For my sake, do.

Phi. I will.

Enter Pharamond.

Pha. My princely mistress, as true lovers ought,
I come to kiss these fair hands; and to shew,
In outward ceremonies, the dear love
Writ in my heart.

Phi. If I shall have an answer no directlier, I am gone.

Pha. To what would he have answer?

Are. To his claim unto the kingdom.

Pha. Sirrah, I forbare you before the king.

Phi. Good Sir, do so still: I would not talk with you.

Pha. But now the time is fitter: Do but offer
To make mention of your right to any kingdom,
Though it be scarce habitable——

Phi. Good Sir, let me go.

Pha. And by my sword——

Phi. Peace, Pharamond! If thou——

Are. Leave us, Philaster.

Phi. I have done. [you back.

Pha. You are gone: By Heav'n, I'll fetch

Phi. You shall not need.

Pha. What now?

Phi. Know, Pharamond,
I loath to brawl with such a blast as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant voice: But if
Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say
'Thou wert,' and not lament it.

Pha. Do you slight [princess]
My greatness so, and in the chamber of the

Phi. It is a place, to which, I must confess,
I owe a reverence: But were't the church,
Ay, at the altar, there's no place so safe, [thee.
Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare kill
And for your greatness, know, Sir, I can grasp
You, and your greatness thus, thus into nothing.
Give not a word, not a word back! Farewell.
[*Exit Philaster.*

Pha. 'Tis an odd fellow, madam: We must stop [ried,
His mouth with some office, when we are mar-

Are. You were best make him your controller.

Pha. I think he would discharge it well.
But, madam,
I hope our hearts are knit; and yet, so slow
The ceremonies of state are, that 'twill be long
Before our hands be so. If then you please,
Being agreed in heart, let us not wait
For dreaming form, but take a little stol'n
Delights, and so prevent our joys to come.

Are. If you dare speak such thoughts,
I must withdraw in honour. [*Exit.*

Pha. The constitution of my body will never hold out till the wedding. I must seek elsewhere. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

Enter Philaster and Bellario.

Phi. AND thou shalt find her honourable, boy;
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine own modesty; and, for my sake,
Apter to give than thou wilt be to ask,
Ay, or deserve. [nothing;

Bel. Sir, you did take me up when I was
And only yet am something, by being yours.
You trusted me unknown; and that which you were apt
To construe a simple innocence in me,
Perhaps, might have been craft; the cunning of a boy
Hard'ned in lies and theft: Yet ventur'd you
To part my miseries and me; for which,
I never can expect to serve a lady
That bears more honour in her breast than you.

Phi. But, boy, it will prefer thee. Thou art young,
And bear'st a childish overflowing love
To them that clap thy cheeks, and speak thee fair yet. [passions,
But when thy judgment comes to rule those
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends,
That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life.
She is a princess I prefer thee to. [the world,

Bel. In that small time that I have seen
I never knew a man hasty to part [ber,
With a servant he thought trusty: I remem-
My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he; but did it not
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.

Phi. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.

Bel. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth:

I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn;
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge: And if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope,
For once. What master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected,
To break my stubbornness, if it be so,
Rather than turn me off; and I shall mend.

Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas! I do not turn thee off; thou know'st
It is my business that doth call thee hence;
And, when thou art with her, thou dwell'st with me.
Think so, and 'tis so. And when time is full,
That thou hast well discharg'd this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will. [time
Nay, weep not, gentle boy! 'Tis more than
Thou didst attend the princess.

Bel. I am gone.
But since I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More service for you, take this little prayer:
Heav'n bless your loves, your fights, all your designs! [well;
May sick men, if they have your wish, be
And Heav'n hate those you curse, though I be one! [*Exit.*

Phi. The love of boys unto their lords is strange:
I have read wonders of it: Yet this boy,
For my sake (if a man may judge by looks
And speech) would out-do story. I may see
A day to pay him for his loyalty. [*Exit Phi.*

Enter Pharamond.

Pha. Why should these ladies stay so long? They must come this way: I know the queen employs 'em not; for the reverend mother sent me word, they would all be for the garden. If they should all prove honest now, I were in a fair taking. I was never so long without sport in my life; and, in my conscience, 'tis not my fault. Oh, for our country ladies! Here's one bolted; I'll hound at her.

Enter Galatea.

Gal. Your grace!

Pha. Shall I not be a trouble?

Gal. Not to me, Sir.

Pha. Nay, nay, you are too quick. By this sweet hand———

Gal. You'll be forsworn, Sir; 'tis but an old glove. If you will talk at distance, I am for you: But, good prince, be not bawdy, nor do not brag; these two I bar: And then, I think, I shall have sense enough to answer all the weighty apothegms your royal blood shall manage.[13]

Pha. Dear lady, can you love?

Gal. Dear, prince! how dear? I ne'er cost you a coach yet, nor put you to the dear repentance of a banquet. Here's no scarlet, Sir, to blush the sin out it was given for. This wire mine own hair covers; and this face has been so far from being dear to any, that it ne'er cost penny painting. And, for the rest of my poor wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves no hand behind it, to make the jealous mercer's wife curse our good doings.

Pha. You mistake me, lady.

Gal. Lord, I do so: 'Would you, or I, could help it!

Pha. Do ladies of this country use to give no more respect to men of my full being?

Gal. Full being! I understand you not, unless your grace means growing to fatness; and then your only remedy (upon my knowledge, prince) is, in a morning, a cup of neat white-wine, brew'd with carduus; then fast till supper; about eight you may eat; use exercise, and keep a sparrow-hawk; you can shoot in a tiller:[14] But, of all, your grace must fly phlebotomy, fresh pork, conger, and clarified whey: They are all dullers of the vital spirits.

Pha. Lady, you talk of nothing all this while.

Gal. 'Tis very true, Sir; I talk of you.

Pha. This is a crafty wench; I like her wit well; 'twill be rare to stir up a leaden appetite. She's a Danäe, and must be courted in a shower of gold. Madam, look here: All these, and more than———

Gal. What have you there, my lord? Gold: Now, as I live, 'tis fair gold! You would have silver for it, to play with the pages: You could not have taken me in a worse time; but, if you have present use, my lord, I'll send my man with silver, and keep your gold for you.

Pha. Lady, lady!

Gal. She's coming, Sir, behind, will take white money. Yet, for all this I'll match you. [*Exit Gal. behind the hangings.*

Pha. If there be but two such more in this kingdom, and near the court, we may even hang up our harps. Ten such camphire constitutions as this, would call the golden age again in question, and teach the old way for every ill-fac'd husband to get his own children; and what a mischief that will breed, let all consider!

Enter Megra.

Here's another: If she be of the same last,

[13] *Your royal blood shall* manage.] This word is used as the French do their *mesnager*; and the Italians, *maneggiare*. So we likewise have adopted it, and say, *manage* (or, handle) a dispute or argument. *Mr. Theobald.*

[14] *You can shoot in a tiller*;] *i. e.* a stand; a small tree left in a wood for growth, till it is fellable: Or it may mean rather, in a steel bow; *quasi dicas*, a *steeler*: *i. e. Arcus chalybeatus*, as Skinner says in his *Etymologicum*. *Mr. Theobald.*

the devil shall pluck her on. Many fair mornings, lady. [days,

Meg. As many mornings bring as many Fair, sweet, and hopeful to your grace.

Pha. She gives good words yet; sure, this wench is free.
If your more serious business do not call you,
Let me hold quarter with you; we'll talk an hour
Out quickly. [hour

Meg. What would your grace talk of?

Pha. Of some such pretty subject as yourself.
I'll go no further than your eye, or lip;
There's theme enough for one man for an age.

Meg. Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet even, [enough,
Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, red
Or my glass wrongs me.

Pha. Oh, they are two twinn'd cherries dy'd in blushes, [beams,
Which those fair suns above, with their bright
Reflect upon and ripen. Sweetest beauty,
Bow down those branches, that the longing taste [sings,
Of the faint looker-on may meet those bles-
And taste and live.

Meg. Oh, delicate sweet prince!
She that hath snow enough about her heart,
To take the wanton spring of ten such lines off,
May be a nun without probation. Sir,
You have, in such neat poetry, gather'd a kiss,
That if I had but five lines of that number,
Such pretty begging blanks, I should commend
Your forehead, or your cheeks, and kiss you too. [madam.

Pha. Do it in prose; you cannot miss it,

Meg. I shall, I shall.

Pha. By my life, you shall not.
I'll prompt you first: Can you do it now?

Meg. Methinks 'tis easy, now I ha' don't
But yet I should stick at it. [before;

Pha. Stick till to-morrow;
I'll ne'er part you, sweetest. But we lose time.
Can you love me?

Meg. Love you, my lord? How would you have me love you?

Pha. I'll teach you in a short sentence, 'cause I will not load your memory: This is all; love me, and lie with me.

Meg. Was it lie with you, that you said? 'Tis impossible.

Pha. Not to a willing mind, that will endeavour: If I do not teach you to do it as easily, in one night, as you'll go to bed, I'll lose my royal blood for't.

Meg. Why, prince, you have a lady of your own, that yet wants teaching.

Pha. I'll sooner teach a mare the old measures, than teach her any thing belonging to the function. She's afraid to lie with herself, if she have but any masculine imaginations about her. I know, when we are married, I must ravish her.

Meg. By my honour, that's a foul fault, indeed; but time and your good help will wear it out, Sir.

Pha. And for any other I see, excepting your dear self, dearest lady, I had rather be Sir Tim the school-master, and leap a dairy-maid.

Meg. Has your grace seen the court-star, Galatea?

Pha. Out upon her! She's as cold of her favour as an apoplex: She sail'd by but now.

Meg. And how do you hold her wit, Sir?

Pha. I hold her wit? The strength of all the guard cannot hold it, if they were tied to it; she would blow 'em out of the kingdom. They talk of Jupiter; he's but a squib-cracker to her: Look well about you, and you may find a tongue-bolt. But speak, sweet lady, shall I be freely welcome?

Meg. Whither?

Pha. To your bed. If you mistrust my faith, you do me the unnoblest wrong.

Meg. I dare not, prince, I dare not.

Pha. Make your own conditions, my purse shall seal 'em, and what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furnish you withal: Give two hours to your thoughts every morning about it. Come, I know you are bashful; speak in my ear, will you be mine? Keep this, and with it me: Soon I will visit you.

Meg. My lord, my chamber's most unsafe; but when 'tis night, I'll find some means to slip into your lodging; till when——

Pha. Till when, this, and my heart go with thee! [*Exeunt several ways.*

Enter Galatea from behind the hangings.

Gal. Oh, thou pernicious petticoat-prince! are these your virtues? Well, if I do not lay a train to blow your sport up, I am no woman: And, lady Dowsabel,[15] I'll fit you for't. [*Exit.*

Enter Arethusa and a Lady.

Are. Where's the boy?

Lady. Within, madam.

Are. Gave you him gold to buy him cloaths?

Lady. I did.

Are. And has he don't?

Lady. Yes, madam.

Are. 'Tis a pretty sad-talking boy, is it not? Ask'd you his name?

Lady. No, madam.

Enter Galatea.

Are. Oh, you are welcome. What good news?

Gal. As good as any one can tell your grace,

[15] *And, lady* Towsabel, *I'll fit you for't.*] There's no such word as Towsabel, that I know, or that is acknowledged by any of the Dictionaries. I think, by the change of a single letter, I have retriev'd the genuine word of our poets, Dowsabel. This is of French extraction, *douce et belle*; *i. e.* sweet and fair: But it is here intended ironically, and in derision. *Mr. Theobald.*

That says, she has done that you would have wish'd.
Are. Hast thou discover'd? [you.
Gal. I have strain'd a point of modesty for
Are. I prithee, how?
Gal. In list'ning after bawdry. I see, let a lady live never so modestly, she shall be sure to find a lawful time to hearken after bawdry. Your prince, brave Pharamond, was so hot on't!
Are. With whom?
Gal. Why, with the lady I suspected: I can tell the time and place.
Are. Oh, when, and where?
Gal. To-night, his lodging. [there again
Are. Run thyself into the presence; mingle
With other ladies; leave the rest to me.
If Destiny (to whom we dare not say, [so
'Why, thou did'st this!') have not decreed it
In lasting leaves (whose smallest characters
Were never altered) yet, this match shall break.
Where's the boy?
Lady. Here, madam.

Enter Bellario.

Are. Sir, you are sad to change your service; is't not so? [on you,
Bel. Madam, I have not chang'd; I wait
To do him service.
Are. Thou disclaim'st in me.
Tell me thy name.
Bel. Bellario.
Are. Thou can'st sing, and play? [can.
Bel. If grief will give me leave, madam, I
Are. Alas! what kind of grief can thy years know? [to school?
Hadst thou a curst master when thou went'st
Thou art not capable of other grief.
Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be,
When no breath troubles them: Believe me, boy, [eyes,
Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow
And builds himself caves, to abide in them.
Come, Sir, tell me truly, does your lord love me?
Bel. Love, madam? I know not what it is.
Are. Can'st thou know grief, and never yet knew'st love?
Thou art deceiv'd, boy. Does he speak of me,
As if he wish'd me well?
Bel. If it be love,
To forget all respect of his own friends,
In thinking of your face; if it be love,
To sit cross-arm'd, and sigh away the day,
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud
And hastily as men i' th' streets do fire;
If it be love, to weep himself away,
When he but hears of any lady dead [chance;
Or kill'd, because it might have been your
If, when he goes to rest (which will not be)
'Twixt ev'ry prayer he says, to name you once,
As others drop a bead; be to be in love,
Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you. [lie,
Are. Oh, you're a cunning boy, and taught to
For your lord's credit; but thou knows't a lie,
That bears this sound, is welcomer to me
Than any truth, that says he loves me not.
Lead the way, boy. Do you attend me too.
'Tis thy lord's business hastes me thus. Away.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline, Megra, and Galatea.

Dion. Come, ladies, shall we talk a round? As men
Do walk a mile, women should talk an hour,
After supper: 'Tis their exercise.
Gal. 'Tis late.
Meg. 'Tis all
My eyes will do to lead me to my bed. [find
Gal. I fear, they are so heavy, you'll scarce
The way to your lodging with 'em to-night.

Enter Pharamond.

Thra. The prince! [ters-up.
Pha. Not a-bed, ladies? You're good sit-
What think you of a pleasant dream, to last
Till morning?
Meg. I should chuse, my lord, a pleasing wake before it.

Enter Arethusa and Bellario.

Are. 'Tis well, my lord; you're courting of
Is't not late, gentlemen? [ladies.
Cle. Yes, madam.
Are. Wait you there. [*Exit.*
Meg. She's jealous, as I live. Look you, my lord,
The princess has a Hilas, an Adonis.
Pha. His form is angel-like. [wed,
Meg. Why, this is he must, when you are
Sit by your pillow, like young Apollo, with
His hand and voice, binding your thoughts in sleep: [for herself.
The princess does provide him for you, and
Pha. I find no music in these boys.
Meg. Nor I:
They can do little, and that small they do,
They have not wit to hide.
Dion. Serves he the princess?
Thra. Yes. [keeps him.
Dion. 'Tis a sweet boy; how brave she
Pha. Ladies all, good rest; I mean to kill a buck
To-morrow morning, ere you've done your dreams. [*Exit.*
Meg. All happiness attend your grace! Gentlemen, good rest.
Come, shall we go to-bed?
Gal. Yes; all good night.
[*Exeunt Gal. and Meg.*
Dion. May your dreams be true to you.
What shall we do, gallants? 'tis late. The king
Is up still; see, he comes; a guard along
With him.

Enter King, Arethusa, and guard.

King. Look your intelligence be true.
Are. Upon my life, it is: And I do hope,

As mothers fond do use their only sons;
As I'd use one, that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay, if he met harm,
So she does use me.
Phi. Why, this is wondrous well: [with?
But what kind language does she feed thee
Bel. Why, she does tell me, she will trust my youth
With all her loving secrets; and does call me
Her pretty servant; bids me weep no more
For leaving you; she'll see my services
Regarded; and such words of that soft strain,
That I am nearer weeping when she ends
Than ere she spake.
Phi. This is much better still.
Bel. Are you not ill, my lord?
Phi. Ill? No, Bellario.
Bel. Methinks, your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness,
That I was wont to see.
Phi. Thou art deceiv'd, boy:
And she strokes thy head?
Bel. Yes.
Phi. And she does clap thy cheeks?
Bel. She does, my lord.
Phi. And she does kiss thee, boy? ha!
Bel. How, my lord?
Phi. She kisses thee?
Bel. Not so, my lord.
Phi. Come, come, I know she does.
Bel. No, by my life. [she does.
Phi. Why then she does not love me. Come,
I bad her do it; I charg'd her, by all charms
Of love between us, by the hope of peace
We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights
Naked, as to her bed: I took her oath
Thou should'st enjoy her. Tell me, gentle boy,
Is she not paralleless? Is not her breath
Sweet as Arabian winds, when fruits are ripe?
Are not her breasts two liquid ivory balls?
Is she not all a lasting mine of joy?
Bel. Ay, now I see why my disturbed thoughts
Were so perplex'd: When first I went to her,
My heart held augury. You are abus'd;
Some villain has abus'd you! I do see
Whereto you tend: Fall rocks upon his head,
That put this to you: 'Tis some subtle train,
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.
Phi. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee. Come, [more
Thou shalt know all my drift: I hate her
Than I love happiness, and plac'd thee there,
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.
Hast thou discover'd? Is she fall'n to lust,
As I would wish her? Speak some comfort to me. [sent:
Bel. My lord, you did mistake the boy you
Had she the lust of sparrows, or of goats;
Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,
Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid
Her base desires; but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveal,
To make my life last ages.
Phi. Oh, my heart!
This is a salve worse than the main disease.
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it: I will see thy thoughts as plain
As I do now thy face.
Bel. Why, so you do.
She is (for ought I know) by all the gods,
As chaste as ice: But were she foul as hell,
And I did know it thus, the breath of kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of [brass,[20]
Should draw it from me.
Phi. Then it is no time
To dally with thee; I will take thy life,
For I do hate thee: I could curse thee now.
Bel. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse:
The gods have not a punishment in store
Greater for me, than is your hate.
Phi. Fie, fie, so young and so dissembling!
Tell me when and where thou didst enjoy her,
Or let plagues fall on me, if I destroy thee not.
Bel. Heav'n knows I never did; and when I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loath'd.
Hew me asunder, and, whilst I can think,
I'll love those pieces you have cut away,
Better than those that grow; and kiss those [limbs
Because you made 'em so.
Phi. Fear'st thou not death?
Can boys contemn that?
Bel. Oh, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason?
Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know
What 'tis to die.
Bel. Yes, I do know, my lord:
'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep,
A quiet resting from all jealousy;
A thing we all pursue. I know besides,
It is but giving over of a game that must be lost.
Phi. But there are pains, false boy, [then
For perjur'd souls: Think but on these, and
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.
Bel. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjur'd, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with. If I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speak of; kill me.
Phi. Oh, what should I do? [swear
Why, who can but believe him? He does
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. Rise, Bellario!
Thy protestations are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly, when thou utter'st them,
That though I know 'em false, as were my hopes,

[20] *Bulls of brass.*] An explanation of this will be found in A King and No King.

I cannot urge thee further. But thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth: A love from me to thee
Is firm, whate'er thou dost. It troubles me
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so well become thee. But, good boy,
Let me not see thee more: Something is done,
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee. If thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee.

Bel. I will fly as far
As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honour'd mind. But through these tears,
Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
A world of treason practis'd upon you,
And her, and me. Farewell, for evermore!
If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memory,
And I shall rest at peace. [*Exit.*

Phi. Blessing be with thee,
Whatever thou deserv'st! Oh, where shall I
Go bathe this body? Nature, too unkind,
That made no medicine for a troubled mind!
[*Exit.*

Enter Arethusa.

Are. I marvel my boy comes not back again:
But that I know my love will question him
Over and over, how I slept, wak'd, talk'd;
How I remember'red him when his dear name
Was last spoke, and how, when I sigh'd, wept, sung,
And ten thousand such; I should be angry at his stay.

Enter King.

King. What, at your meditations? Who attends you?

Are. None but my single self. I need no guard;
I do no wrong, nor fear none.

King. Tell me, have you not a boy?

Are. Yes, Sir.

King. What kind of boy?

Are. A page, a waiting-boy.

King. A handsome boy?

Are. I think he be not ugly:
Well qualified, and dutiful, I know him;
I took him not for beauty.

King. He speaks, and sings, and plays?

Are. Yes, Sir.

King. About eighteen?

Are. I never ask'd his age.

King. Is he full of service?

Are. By your pardon, why do you ask?

King. Put him away.

Are. Sir!

King. Put him away, h' as done you that good service,
Shames me to speak of.

Are. Good Sir, let me understand you.

King. If you fear me,
Shew it in duty: Put away that boy.

Are. Let me have reason for it, Sir, and then
Your will is my command.

King. Do not you blush to ask it? Cast him off,
Or I shall do the same to you. You're one
Shame with me, and so near unto myself,
That, by my life, I dare not tell myself,
What you, myself, have done.

Are. What have I done, my lord? [learn:

King. 'Tis a new language, that all love to
The common people speak it well already;
They need no grammar. Understand me well;
There be foul whispers stirring. Cast him off,
And suddenly: Do it! Farewell. [*Exit King.*

Are. Where may a maiden live securely free,
Keeping her honour safe? Not with the living;
They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,
And make 'em truths; they draw a nourishment
Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces;
And, when they see a virtue fortify'd
Strongly above the batt'ry of their tongues,
Oh, how they cast to sink it; and, defeated,
(Soul-sick with poison) strike the monuments
Where noble names lie sleeping; till they sweat,
And the cold marble melt.

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, dearest mistress.

Are. Oh, my dearest servant, I have a war within me.

Phi. He must be more than man, that makes these crystals
Run into rivers. Sweetest fair, the cause?
And, as I am your slave, tied to your goodness,
Your creature, made again from what I was,
And newly-spirited, I'll right your honour.

Are. Oh, my best love, that boy!

Phi. What boy?

Are. The pretty boy you gave me——

Phi. What of him?

Are. Must be no more mine.

Phi. Why?

Are. They are jealous of him.

Phi. Jealous! who?

Are. The king.

Phi. Oh, my fortune!
Then 'tis no idle jealousy. Let him go.

Are. Oh, cruel! are you hard-hearted too?
Who shall now tell you, how much I lov'd you? [I send?
Who shall swear it to you, and weep the tears
Who shall now bring you letters, rings, bracelets?
Lose his health in service? Wake tedious nights
In stories of your praise? Who shall sing
Your crying elegies? And strike a sad soul
Into senseless pictures, and make them mourn?
Who shall take up his lute, and touch it, till
He crown a silent sleep upon my eye-lid,
Making me dream, and cry, 'Oh, my dear, dear Philaster!